

NEBRASKA'S CORNHUSKERS: WHO CAN BEAT 'EM?

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 10, 1983

\$3.75

MAKE WAY FOR THE SKINS

Joe Washington
Joins The Raiders





CHRYSLER CREATES LASER XE. The sports car

We gave Laser XE world-class performance. In the slalom, Laser beats all entries—from Trans Am to Mustang GT. We built Laser XE to outperform the competition: Camaro Z28, Trans Am, Mustang GT, Toyota Supra, Mazda RX-7. Laser does it when you equip it with turbo, performance handling package and nitrogen-charged shocks* Laser does it with front-wheel

drive, new dual-path suspension system and quick-ratio power steering. In the slalom Laser finishes No. 1—even ahead of the legendary Porsche 944.



We turbocharged it. From 0-50, Laser XE leaves Camaro Z28 with its shadow. Z28 is a powerhouse—but Laser XE is the sophisticated new wave. Its multi-point injection system "spritzes" fuel in at four points. Its water-cooled bearing reduces a critical turbo temperature by 500° F. Its turbo engine

boosts h.p. 45% and moves Laser like light. With 5-speed your time to 50 mph is 5.8 seconds. Z28, Trans Am, Supra and RX-7 are in your remote-controlled side-view mirrors.

We gave it high-performance braking. Laser XE stops where Trans Am doesn't. We think total performance calls for performance braking. So we gave Laser XE semi-metallic brake pads, power brakes all around and



Laser beats Porsche in the slalom.



Laser outperforms Trans Am in braking.



Laser is faster than Camaro Z28 from 0-50 mph.



that had to outperform the competition.

optional wide 15" alloy wheels with Goodyear Eagle GT radials. Result: Laser stops quicker than Z28, Trans Am, Mustang GT, Supra, RX-7. Even Porsche 944 can't beat our world class braking.

We even give it a brain.

This is a car that thinks with you. Laser XE's Z2 feature electronic monitor is like your sixth sense of the road. It even talks your language. And Laser XE's navigator computes nine things you need to know while its color graphic displays help make

you a calculating driver. But performing better isn't your only pleasure. Laser XE's AM/FM stereo remembers what you like to hear and plays it through six premium speakers you can choose. And its self-diagnostic system is the nearest thing to an on-board mechanic.



Even your performance seat performs. It cushions you with pronounced padding and holds you in position on turns

with lateral "wings." You pump up pneumatic cushions for thigh and lumbar support, and you can order a six-way power seat. And it's only fitting that you can choose world-class Mark Cross leather for your seats and cockpit. **We gave it our best: a 5 year/50,000 mile Protection Plan.**

Chrysler believes a performer has to be more than a winner. It has to be a survivor. We build for that. And back your engine and power train with a 5 year/50,000 mile Protection Plan, with outer-body rust-through protection for the same period.* What competitor gives you that? None. See dealer for details.

35 Est. Hwy.

22 EPA Est. MPG†

Laser A product of The New Chrysler Technology.



*Based on actual results of USAC Sports Car Corrosion tests versus 1988 models. Laser XE equipped with optional handling suspension, Turbo package and 15" alloy wheels. †18 city or 23.5 hwy miles, whichever comes first. Limited warranty. Deductible may be required. Excludes lease. See dealer for details. †See EPA est. mpg for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on load, trip length and weather. Many factors affect mileage. Chrysler, Laser



CHRYSLER CREATES
LASER

**"THE COMPETITION IS GOOD.
WE HAD TO BE BETTER."**

Lee A. Iacocca

* Laser XE equipped with optional handling suspension, Turbo package and 15 inch road wheels/tires.

LEADING OFF



68

Frank Sutton, 82, hopes his old school, Marietta College, catches on and wins a game, and if Richard Sevigney doesn't grab that puck, those arrows could be aimed his way.



44

CONTENTS

OCT. 10, 1983 Volume 55, No. 41

Cover photograph by Jerry Blawie

20 By the Skin of Their Teeth

Just when the Washington Redskins seemed beaten, they rallied for 17 fast points to shock the L.A. Raiders 37-35
by Jack McCallum

26 Staking a Claim to Best Ever

Led by three Heisman candidates, Nebraska of '83 could transcend Notre Dame of '24, Army of '44 and all the rest
by Douglas S. Looney

36 On Target for The Games

He may not look like an athlete, but archer Rick McKinney is a good bet for a gold medal at the Los Angeles Olympics
by Dan Levin

44 Hockey '83-84: the Drive for Five

SF's unconventional scouting report of the 21 NHL teams reveals that the Islanders will win their fifth straight Cup
by Jack Falla

Washington made a big Capital gain last year when it got Defenseman Rod Langway from the Montreal Canadiens
by E.M. Swift

86 Gail, in Three Parts

One must be bold indeed to take on the triathlon's punishing combination of swimming, bicycling and running events
by Dan Levin

DEPARTMENTS

15	Scorecard	79	Soccer
62	TV/Radio	82	Wrestling
64	Baseball	111	For the Record
68	College Football	113	19th Hole

Credits on page 117

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-512X) is published weekly, except one week in July and one week in September when two issues combined are printed by Time Inc. 3000 W. 13th St., Los Angeles, CA 90024. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes in New York to Sports Illustrated, 3000 W. 13th St., New York, N.Y. 10020. Second-class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Author and as second-class matter by Post Office GPO. (GPO) and for payment of postage in cash U.S. subscription: \$45.00 per year. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, 3000 W. 13th St., New York, N.Y. 10020.

© 1983 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. Printed in the U.S.A. by Time Inc. Magazine Co., New York, N.Y.

17 mg. "tar"; 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

© 1983 B&W T Co.

Take five, America!



New!

Richland 25's

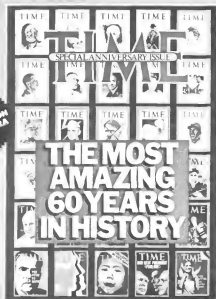
Taste the good times...five extra times a pack!

Not available in all areas.

COMING IN OCTOBER, OUR 60TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

ANNOUNCING

INCLUDED
IN YOUR
SUBSCRIPTION
AT NO EXTRA
COST!



■ WITH ORIGINAL LAYOUTS ■ RARE NEWS PHOTOS
■ ACTUAL TYPEFACES ■ AND THE ORIGINAL ACCOUNTS OF
THE MOST IMPORTANT STORIES AND EVENTS OF
THE PAST 60 YEARS.

Imagine a landmark special issue of **TIME** that recreates the original words and pictures first used to tell the world about Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic and man's first steps on the moon... the rise of Hitler and the dropping of the atomic bomb, the years of Camelot and the scandal of Watergate.

That's exactly what the editors of **TIME** are preparing for you right now... in **TIME**'s 60th Anniversary Issue!

Entitled "The Most Amazing 60 Years in History", this collector's issue of **TIME** recreates the original accounts of the stories and events that have shaped our world.

Through its pages and pictures, you'll relive years of turmoil when Israel declared its independence and JFK made Khrushchev blink first over missiles in Cuba.

You'll see the face of war reflected in our correspondents' accounts of Pearl Harbor and Hiroshima, Inchon and Saigon.

You'll relive triumphs of the spirit, Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic, the moon walk, civil rights marches and the Women's Conference.

You'll gain fresh perspective on the current state of our economy and you'll look back and see how **TIME** first reported on the Crash

and the new Deal, the German inflation and the Arab oil embargo.

You'll look at the world of science, from the discoveries of penicillin and the polio vaccine to Sputnik and the computer age.

And you'll see what **TIME**'s cultural editors first had to say about personalities from Charlie Chaplin to the Beatles.

Far more than just a record of our times, the stories in this landmark Anniversary Issue will make history as fresh and exciting as news itself.

To order **TIME** for 87¢ an issue, call toll-free: 1-800-621-8200 (in Illinois, call 1-800-972-8302).
T49754

READ TIME AND UNDERSTAND

T A Transamerica Company
© 1983 Budget Rent a Car Corporation • Chicago, Illinois

Budget
rent a car

**\$39.95 RUNS A LONG WAY
AT BUDGET.**



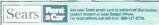
**RENT A LINCOLN FOR \$39.95
GET AN OLYMPIC WARM-UP SUIT FOR \$39.95:**

Here's another way you get a great run for your money at Budget. Now you can get a plush terry velour warm-up suit by Levi Strauss & Co., an \$85.00 value, the same kind our U.S. Team will wear in the 1984 Olympic Games. And it's yours for only \$39.95 when you rent a big, roomy Lincoln with unlimited mileage at our low \$39.95 weekday rate.

*Plus shipping and handling.
Offer available at most major airports except the following large hub city airports: JFK and Lufthansa, N.Y. - New ark, N.J.; unlimited mileage not available at Minneapolis. Car must be returned to rental location. Gas, taxes and optional coverage additional. Advance reservations required.

Offer available at participating airport, downtown and suburban locations. For reservations or information see the Yellow Pages, call your travel consultant, or Budget toll free:

800-527-0700



Offer also available at selected Sears Rent a Car locations

You get more than just a car at Budget.

How to go for the gold.



To experience the thrill of victory, a person could use the IBM Personal Computer.

Because, with IBM's challenging program called Decathlon,* you can compete in the world's most demanding athletic contest. Run the 100 meter dash. Clear the hurdles. Hurl the shot, discus and javelin.

Animated color graphics, music and sound effects create the excitement of real competition.

And when all ten events are completed, you can compare your score with a real, medal-winning Decathlon record.

So let the games begin. Put on your sneakers and head for your nearest authorized IBM Personal Computer dealer.

IBM

The IBM Personal Computer
A tool for modern times

**The IBM
Personal Computer.
See it at a
store near you:**

ILLINOIS

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS

ComputerLand

Sean Business Systems Center

BLOOMINGTON

ComputerLand

BUFFALO GROVE

CompShop

East Computer Center

CARBONDALE

Computo Mart

CHAMPAIGN

Byte Shop

ComputerLand

CHICAGO

CompShop

ComputerLand

East Computer Center

IBM Product Centers

DECATUR

ComputerLand

Main Street Computer Company

DEERFIELD

Sean Business Systems Center

DOWNERS GROVE

ComputerLand

EDWARDSVILLE

Computer Center

ELMHURST

ComputerLand

EVANSTON

ComputerLand

Nash's

HAVANA

Illness Valley Computers

HOOPOLE

Vera Farm Systems

JOLIET

ComputerLand

MIDLOTHIAN

CompShop

MORTON GROVE

CompShop

MUNDELEIN

ComputerLand

NAPERVILLE

ComputerLand

NILES

ComputerLand

NORTHBROOK

ComputerLand

OAK BROOK

IBM Product Center

OAK LAWN

ComputerLand

OAK PARK

CompShop

ComputerLand

ORLAND PARK

MicroAge Computer Store

PEORIA

ComputerLand

POSEN

Computers Etc.



BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH MAX

THERE'S FAR TOO MUCH FICTION IN THIS NOVEL ABOUT THE BLACK SOX SCANDAL

In 1963 Holt, Rinehart and Winston published a book called *Eight Men Out*, by Eliot Asinof, about the fixing of the 1919 World Series by the Chicago White Sox. It was hailed by this magazine, among others, as a pioneer work: Asinof's persevering research in the face of considerable obstacles changed the public's perception of that tragic event. Among the difficulties Asinof overcame were the conspiracy of silence maintained by almost all of the principals until they died and the destruction of the state's evidence used at the trial, a turn of events that to this day has never really been investigated.

Now comes *Hoopla*, by Harry Stein (Alfred A. Knopf, \$14.95), billed by the publisher as "a tapestry of fact and fiction"—a style that, deplorably, seems to be growing in popularity—which deals with the Black Sox scandal and other matters that led to "the end of an era of innocence." I've never been able to follow the thinking that prompts a later generation to look back smugly on a major tragedy—a war or, in this case, a grave betrayal—and proclaim it the end of innocence and the start of an era of great public enlightenment and sophistication. And it simply isn't true about the Black Sox and the Series fix. There will always be a small boy somewhere who will plead, "Say it ain't so, Joe" when his sports idol is caught in some kind of dirty business, but that isn't the end of even his innocence, let alone the rest of the nation's.

Stein, who formerly wrote the "Ethics" column in *Esquire* magazine, has chosen to tell his story in the words of two men, one a fictional newspaperman called Luther Pond and the other a real-life shortstop and third baseman for the 1919 Sox, George (Buck) Weaver. Pond writes a chapter, mixing fiction and fact, and then Weaver writes a chapter, presumably factual, but because he died in 1956 it's really what Stein thinks Weaver would have written and therefore is at least semifictional. Why Stein chose Weaver is difficult to understand.

Weaver merely knew about the fix and, unlike seven of his teammates, never took part in it; he played to win. He had no dealings with the gamblers and never received any money from them. His version of the affair would be mostly hearsay, and his words in this book are secondhand hearsay because they are Stein's version of Weaver's version. Pond being fictitious, you are on your own for a description of what his version is.

One obvious problem with a book like this about an actual event is in trying to distinguish what is fact and what isn't. And when an item offered as fact turns out not to be true or to be in doubt, it casts suspicion on all the rest of the supposed facts in the book. In the first chapter—36 pages by Pond on the Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries fight of 1910 (there's barely a mention of the Black Sox scandal until page 270 and then only four pages on the Series itself)—Pond says promoter Tex Rickard was so distressed at the racial disturbances the fight created that he never again promoted a fight between a black man and a white man. But he did. Rickard, more famous a promoter in his day than Don King is now, continued to put on fights for more than 20 years after that, both as an independent and as Madison Square Garden's promoter from 1920 to 1929. Many of the Garden bouts in that period were indeed between blacks and whites.

If Pond's career is, admittedly, fictional, his account of it strains credulity. In his own words, he comes across as a simp, if not a wimp. Why newspaper tycoons William Randolph Hearst and Joe Patterson would compete for his services is utterly baffling. After Pond's first, accidental meeting with Hearst, in which Pond sounded and behaved like an idiot, a real-life Hearst probably would have fired him instead of turning over the front page of his New York newspaper to him, which Hearst does in the book on a regular basis.

Knopf's advance promotion of the book asks, "... how and why did the eight Chicago White Sox players decide to throw the series? And how did it all come to light?" and then asserts, "*Hoopla* shows us how..." I don't believe it does. If you want all the answers—and I bet you don't have 'em (Did you know, just as an example, that at their trial all the players were acquitted?)—go to the library and get out Asinof's excellent book.

END

ROCKFORD

ComputerLand
Entre-Computer Center
ROLLING MEADOWS

COMPUSHOP

ST. CHARLES

ComputerLand

SCHAUMBURG

ComputerLand

SPRINGFIELD

ComputerLand

VILLA PARK

Seam Business Systems Center

MISSOURI

CAPE GIRARDEAU

Computer Mart

CHARLESTON

Mid-Willy, Inc.

CLAYTON

Computer Depot at Famous Barr

Forgythe Computers

Seam Business Systems Center

COLUMBIA

Century Nine Computers

CRIVIE COEUR

Forgythe Computers

DES PERES

Computer Depot at Famous Barr

ELLISVILLE

Lifestyle Computers

GLADSTONE

ComputerLand

INDEPENDENCE

ComputerLand

JEFFERSON CITY

Century Nine Computers

KANSAS CITY

Artisanware

ComputerLand Stores

MANCHESTER

ComputerLand

MARYLAND HEIGHTS

ComputerLand

ST. ANN

Computer Depot at Famous Barr

ST. JOSEPH

ComputerLand

ST. LOUIS

Computer Depot at Famous Barr

Forgythe Computers

Lifestyle Computers

Photo & Sound Company

SPRINGFIELD

ComputerLand

VANDALIA

Kohl Computers

SOUTHERN COMFORT



"Sitting here entertaining a few good friends, I finally understand why they call this drink a Scarlett O'Hara. Because on a lazy Sunday afternoon a nice cool Southern Comfort with cranberry juice cocktail makes any little gathering feel like a garden party at Tara."

Sideline

by ARMEN KETEVIAN

FOR THIS FOOTBALL TEAM WITHOUT A FIELD, HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

When the playwright John Howard Payne said in 1823 that there's no place like home, he wasn't speaking of sports, but any coach worth his whistle will verify the value of the home-field advantage.

Any coach, that is, except those who have recently directed the football team at The McBurney School, a small private prep school in midtown Manhattan. McBurney entered the 1983 football season with a 17-game winning streak, which was broken by a 13-0 loss to Hackley School on Sept. 16, and two consecutive championships in the Long Island Football Conference (which had a geographic base broader than its name) despite playing against high schools with significantly larger student bodies. None of McBurney's wins came at home—McBurney has no home field. In its 67-year history it has never played at home, a fact indissolubly tied to the school's location—on 63rd Street off Central Park West, next door to the West Side Y, just down the block from Berger Cleaners.

The shortest one-way trip the McBurney Highlanders take to their games is about one hour, the longest, more than three hours. And for practice McBurney has to share Central Park's softball fields at 96th Street with the rest of the city. Five days a week the team rides uptown jamming two school vans with 30 players, and gets out at the edge of the park—a place even Payne would have trouble calling home. "We've had wins wander through our huddle," says former McBurney Tailback John Makulski, now a freshman football player at the State University of New York in Albany. "Another time there was a gang rumble, and you've always got to watch out for the people playing soccer and softball."

Of course, what's a little interruption now and then when your team doesn't own a blocking sled, dresses in a YMCA locker room half the size of some coaches' offices and until this season for two years was simultaneously guided by two "head" coaches—Rick Sitarce, who left McBurney, and Joe Puggelli, who left coaching at the end of last season? "We used to say, 'Let's get the heck out of

continued

SCARLETT O'HARA

By the glass. 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort, Cranberry juice cocktail. Wedge of fresh lime. Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in an Old-Fashioned glass; fill glass with cranberry juice cocktail. Squeeze in juice from the lime wedge, and add the wedge.

By the pitcher. Fill a 32-oz. pitcher with ice. Add 4-5 oz. Southern Comfort. Fill with cranberry juice cocktail and the juice of ½ lime. Stir.

For a free copy of Southern Comfort's newest recipe guide, please write to: Recipe Booklet, Dept. AD, Box 12427, St. Louis, MO 63132, or call toll-free: 1-800-325-4038.

CASUALS THAT FIT.

A casual that's not sized properly, quickly loses its shape and doesn't wear well.



\$60⁰⁰*

E	D	E
8-12/12	7-12/12	7-11/12



\$58⁰⁰*

B	C
8-12/12	8-12/12
D	E
8-12/12	8-12/12

With Florsheim casuals, you choose from a range of sizes and widths that's almost unheard of.

Which means our casuals fit better, look better, and last longer.



\$60⁰⁰*

B	C
8-12/12	8-12/12
D	E
8-12/12	8-12/12

Nobody does more for your feet than
FLORSHEIM®
 an INTERCO company

*Retail price quoted herein is suggested only. Independent retailers are free to determine their own retail prices.

See the Yellow Pages for the Florsheim dealer nearest you.

For free style brochures, write: Florsheim, Dept. 54, 139 S. Canal Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

UNEXPECTED PERFORMANCE MAKES THIS AN UNCOMMON ECONOMY CAR.

If you think economy cars can't be anything but economical, get ready for an uncommon experience.

It's called Mazda GLC, a car whose exceptional overall performance sets it apart from other cars in its class.

Spirited acceleration comes by way of the GLC's 1.5-litre overhead cam engine. Monitored



by a "thinking carburetor" with eight electronic sensors, this efficient power plant also delivers outstanding gas mileage.

Superb handling is made possible by such features as front-wheel drive, steel-belted radials, rack-and-pinion steering, and independent strut suspension at all four corners.

In addition, the GLC's rear suspension has a special asset in Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arms. Their unique

49 EST. CITY MPG / **35** EST. HWY. MPG

geometry promotes true tracking through corners and over bumps.

In short, you get performance



Thanks to its outstanding handling, an exceptional Mazda GLC proved its prowess at the 1984 Trans-Am race in the Chicago area. (Clockwise from top left) 1984 GLC driving. The month before, GLC won the 1984 Trans-Am endurance race at Daytona.

that's highly uncommon in a car like this. That's why for sheer driving pleasure the Mazda GLC is hard to beat. In fact, at its price, impossible.

EXPERIENCE.



Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arm is one reason why the GLC handles so well. As part of the rear suspension, its unique geometry causes the rear wheels to "toe in" when cornering or going over uneven pavement. This engineering feature helps give the GLC excellent directional stability.



Standard features include
 • 5-speed overdrive transmission
 • Steel-belted radial tires • 4-wheel independent suspension • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Split fold-down rear seatbacks • Cut-pile carpeting • Electric rear window defroster • Remote releases for hatch and fuel-filler door
 • Tinted glass • 2-speed wipers/washer plus intermittent feature
 • Wide body side mouldings
 • Trip odometer • Remote control driver's door mirror • Full-width velour upholstery • Detachable cargo area concealment cover.

Experienced drivers buckle up.

1984 Mazda GLC Deluxe Hatchback

\$5895**

To get your free copy of our 22-page, full-color catalog describing the full line of 1984 Mazda GLCs, write to:

Mazda GLC Offer
 Box 5960
 Orange, CA 92668

*EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. City 48 Est. Hwy mpg 23 Est. mpg
 **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Price may change without notice. Availability of vehicles with specific features may vary.

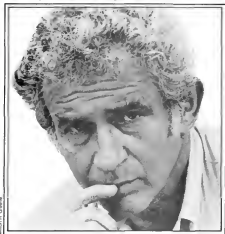
mazda
 THE MORE YOU LOOK,
 THE MORE YOU LIKE.



NATIONAL BESTSELLER

"Huge in scope, magnificent as fiction,
luxuriant and wise, this is Mailer's finest
and most courageous book."

—Mary Lee Settle, *Los Angeles Times Book Review*



Milton H. Greene

NORMAN MAILER ANCIENT EVENINGS

"There is more to admire and enjoy in these
pages than in ten ordinary novels."

—Robert Wilson, *USA Today*

"Dramatic momentum and superb readability."

—Bruce Allen, *Saturday Review*

"Pulses with life, richness, power and daring."

—David Bradley, *Philadelphia Inquirer*

"A major novel of our time."

—John Barkham *Reviews*

A Literary Guild Dual Main Selection
At Bookstores now
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

here." "says Mikulski, "but eventually we learned our job was to play football."

And play they have. During that 17-game stretch they outscored opponents 586-127. Couches—and most of the rest of us—who are constantly wishing for a fancier this, an improved that, should remember McBurney. Less can sometimes mean more.

Originally the Highlanders practiced at Central Park's 62nd Street softball fields, just a short walk from the school and the local Y. Then in 1981 the field was resodded for softball, and that was the end of McBurney's practices there. "I believe the words were, 'No way, not in a million years,'" remembers Puggelli. So the vans headed uptown to 96th Street.

McBurney's only opportunity to play on anything that might be described as home turf comes during its one-week summer football camp in Dover Plains, N.Y., that Starace and Puggelli instituted three years ago and new Coach Steve Corso continued in '83. Everyone tries to forget that even there the field is little more than a cow pasture with lines, that a state health inspector once closed down their living quarters and that more than 30 people share three showers.

To help keep their minds off the dismal camp surroundings, the team practices almost nonstop from 5:45 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. every day—four sessions, two in full pads. Forget convenience, they are told, you're not like any other high school football team. Take pride in that. Wear each and every annoyance—the bus rides, the locker room, the softball fields—as another badge of courage. Apparently, it works.

"We became impervious to the things around us," says Mikulski's twin brother, Dennis, a linebacker who also now plays at SUNY in Albany. "It was like we were in a tunnel. We came out when the season was over."

Starace, now the business manager at a small Florida prep school, has his own theory about McBurney's success. "We just outworked everyone else," he says.

Now some players think the magic may be over at McBurney. Only four starters returned to the successful I-veer offense refined by Starace, and some Highlanders are concerned that this could be a long year. But any team that can overcome adversity as McBurney has should not be counted out. After all, the Highlanders have proved that home is where the heart is.

ENR

"Why a 6'5", 245 lb. man like me turned from tackling to tickling." I used to tackle my friends; now I tickle them with the Tickler® Bouquet from my FTD® Florist. It's a fun, inexpensive way to let someone know you're thinking of them.



Merlin Olsen

Send your thoughts with special  care.™

® Registered trademark of Florists' Transworld Delivery Association



GREAT FRENCH COVER-UPS.

Get more fun out of life. Send \$1 for catalogue featuring our colorful collection of Cover-Ups for the whole family, whatever your sport. Special introductory offer included. Write to: K-Way Dept. I, 1 Mill Street, Burlington, VT 05401.

REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF K-WAY ENTERPRISES, INC. U.S.A. PATENTED



VICKROY

72 GOLF

TELECOMMUNICATIONS

72 Golf is the Army's name for a soldier who has learned to operate sophisticated data telecommunications equipment. From handling computers to handling computer-driven tanks, you can choose from over 300 career training areas. We'll guarantee you the training you qualify for. Which means you get to serve your country in the way that best suits your talents.

So if it's not 72 Golf, it might be 93 Hotel.*

ARMY.
BE ALL YOU CAN BE.

*Air Traffic Control

For more information, call toll free, 800-421-4422. In California, 800-252-0011. Alaska & Hawaii, 800-43-2244.

IN THIS SAD FISH STORY, THE NUMBERS SIMPLY DON'T LIE

Ted Williams is mad as hell, and he's not going to take it any longer. Or at least not much longer. Late last week, standing on the crest of the slope leading from his camp down to the Miramichi River in New Brunswick, Williams looked out over the tranquil waters and said he was getting out. For good. Williams hadn't caught a fish in six days.

"It's a disaster," he said. "The worst I've ever seen." He said that for almost 30 years he had watched his beloved Atlantic salmon—"the greatest fish that swims"—get "hammered" by commercial-fishing interests catered to by a Canadian government without a decent plan or, apparently, much desire to preserve "one of its greatest resources."

He said he felt like a man forced to stand idly by while an old friend got strangled to death, that he was tired of waiting for a millennium. So he was making plans to put his camp up for sale and get out. "It's awful hard to give it up, because there's nothing to compare with this fish," he said, gesturing at the river. "But it's just not worth the time anymore."

On Sept. 30 the salmon season on the Miramichi ended. Williams had been at his camp near Blackville since June, as has been his custom since his ballplaying days ended in 1960, and this season had topped all others for inactivity and frustration. "You hardly even see fish roll," he said. "It makes you sick."

Williams said that he arrived in New Brunswick this summer "hopeful" of improvement: "It had to be better than last year," when he caught 92 fish—and released all but six—in 90 days, a near low for him. But this season he caught only 28 fish, keeping only three. Williams said, "Roy Curtis [Williams' guide since 1956] has been on this river 60 years, and he says he's never seen it so bad. There's been a 45 percent decline in 20 years. The numbers don't lie. Check 'em out."

The numbers do, indeed, check out, says Jack Fenety, president of the Miramichi Salmon Association. The Miramichi is the major Atlantic salmon river system in the world, with 500 miles of spawning water in its main branches and tributaries. Fenety says 1983 has been "the poorest season in the living memory of any angler who has fished here. And what makes it so dumb is that it was predictable. The required spawning runs are down 50 to 60 percent in some rivers, and as much as 75 percent in others. We've begged the government to stop [commercial interests from] killing

so many fish, but they haven't. Now we've reaped the bitter harvest. It'll be the same in 1984. We've got ourselves boxed in."

Dr. Wilfred Carter, executive director of the Atlantic Salmon Federation, says, "Canadian governmental policy has always favored commercial salmon fishing over the anglers." The commercial nets take an average of "about 85 percent" of the salmon catch, and with the pounding the salmon took from the high-seas drift netting off Greenland in the mid-'60s and '70s—leading to a quota system

still woefully inadequate—and Canada's failure to restrict fishing off Newfoundland, "the trend continues to go straight down."

Add to these excesses the lifting of the commercial ban in the Miramichi system in 1981, the extravagant allowances for "incidental catches" (salmon caught in cod and mackerel nets), the poaching, the Indian food-fishing dispensation that's really a commercial-fishing dispensation in disguise (the Indians peddle their catches blatantly), and you have a condition as predictable as



After stinking out Atlantic salmon, a glum Ted Williams is selling out.

its portent as crop loss after a devastating drought, says Carter.

With the battle lines long drawn and no corrective action having been taken, the future has arrived. The Miramichi no longer holds the charm it once did for American anglers like Williams; the sport-fishing industry is in jeopardy.

The solution? Ultimately, it may have to be as drastic as Iceland's banning of all commercial salmon fishing in 1923, a restriction still in effect. But in the meantime, these measures have been recommended: 1) Reduce by at least one-half the netting limits on the high seas, 2) restrict Newfoundland fishing to match those limits set in the other provinces, and 3) ban commercial fishing in the Miramichi system for at least two full spawning cycles, or about 10 years.

Last year, the Atlantic salmon-producing nations all approved a treaty to set up commissions to study the fish's plight. Last week, Canada became the final country to ratify that treaty, and commissions from all the countries involved hope to meet shortly. That meeting will do much to determine the fate of the fish, says Fenety, because "it'll be the last-chance saloon—till of us with our elbows on the table. And when it's over we'll either drink to a new era, or take the dregs from the bottom of the cup." —JOHN UNDERWOOD

Answers to the

**DO
CIGARETTE
COMPANIES
WANT KIDS
TO SMOKE? NO.**



most asked questions about cigarettes.

As a matter of policy. No. As a matter of practice. No. As a matter of fact. No!

The unfortunate fact is that some kids do smoke. But, while cigarette sales continue to increase, fewer teenagers are smoking. For example, according to the American Cancer Society, smoking among young women has decreased 17 percent since 1974.

All of us need a time of "growing up" to develop the mature judgment to do so many things. Like driving. Voting. Raising a family. And knowing enough to make an informed decision about all sorts of adult activities.

In our view, smoking is an adult custom and the decision to smoke should be based on mature and informed individual freedom of choice.

For more information, write for our booklet, "Answers to the most asked questions about cigarettes." Address: The Tobacco Institute, Suite 810D, 1875 Eye Street, Northwest, Washington, D.C. 20006. We offer it in the belief that full and free discussion of these important public issues is in the public interest.



Answers to
the most asked
questions
about
cigarettes.

WEIGH BOTH SIDES BEFORE YOU TAKE SIDES.

DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE

A couple of doctors last week performed a wild transplant job in the U.S. Football League. It was stitched together like this. Dr. Ted Diethrich, 48, a Phoenix heart surgeon, coughed up his Chicago Blitz franchise to Dr. James F. Hoffman Jr., 45, a Milwaukee heart surgeon. Then, as prescribed, Dr. Diethrich took over the Arizona Wranglers. With the exception of a quarterback and an offensive lineman who were bypassed and will stay in Phoenix, all the Wranglers were grafted on to Dr. Hoffman's operation in Chicago. That took nerve, but it didn't get under anyone's skin. In fact, there was no flap at all.

Without skipping a beat, Dr. Diethrich removed all of the Chicago players but three, Coach George Allen and Allen's son, Bruce, the general manager, and implanted them in Phoenix. As an appendix to the deal, Dr. Diethrich had the infectious notion of bringing the nickname Blitz to Arizona, but this remained embryonic when an inflamed Dr. Hoffman, who wasn't about to be hammered into any knee-jerk response, refused to knuckle under and eventually put his foot down, maybe because he found the name change corny.

Even so, Dr. Diethrich got a leg up on Dr. Hoffman. Each franchise went for a pile of money, about \$7 million, even though Dr. Diethrich's Blitz, now Wranglers, had a healthy 12-6 record while Dr. Hoffman's Blitz, formerly the Wranglers, were a flaccid 4-14. Murmured George Allen, who flu into Phoenix for the announcement of the whole feverish transaction, "I've rebuilt four franchises, but I've never gone through this type of thing."

AIRBORNE RIVALRY

In this day of spiraling costs in college athletics, the arrangement between Long Beach State and neighboring Cal State-Fullerton makes hard economic sense: By jointly chartering a DC-9 to transport their football teams to road games, the two archrivals could hold air fares below what they would be on commercial flights; the teams also could get back home right after games, thereby saving the price of a night's out-of-town lodging. After carefully examining their respective schedules, the schools worked out three joint flights for the 1983 season.

The first was on Friday, Sept. 2. The

two teams arrived separately at Orange County Airport and remained segregated on the plane—the Fullerton contingent in the front, Long Beach in the rear. First the plane dropped the Fullerton Titans off in Boise, Idaho, where they beat Boise State the next evening 13-10, and then it proceeded to Manhattan, Kan., where the Long Beach 49ers beat Kansas State 28-20. After the games the plane picked up each team for the trip home. There was no fraternization, which was just as well, because Long Beach and Fullerton were to play each other the following week at Anaheim Stadium.

Ah, yes, the Fullerton-Long Beach game. After being up in the clouds to-



gether, the teams came down to earth in a hurry. On the day of the game a newspaper reported that the Fullerton defense had organized a money pool to be won by the player who put the best hit on Long Beach Quarterback Todd Dillon or Running Back Lenny Montgomery. Upon reading the story Fullerton coaches quashed the pool, but the game was a rough one just the same. Underdog Fullerton won 25-19, but not before Titan Offensive Tackle Daren Gilbert and 49er Linebacker David Howard were ejected for fighting. And Dillon, referring to Fullerton's pool, said bitterly, "I hope all bets were paid," after he was knocked out of the game on a clean tackle by Fullerton Middle Guard Joe Aguilar.

The joint flights on Oct. 28 (Fullerton at Idaho State and Long Beach at Eastern Washington) and Nov. 5 (Fullerton at Utah and Long Beach at Montana) should be interesting.

DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

Howard Wood, a 6' 7", 225-pound forward who played for the Wisconsin Flyers in the Continental Basketball Association last year, recently signed on with the world champion 76ers. Last week he took part in the 76ers' annual outing at the Bala Golf Club near Philadelphia. It was only the third time in Wood's life that he had played golf. When he came to the 137-yard par-3 6th hole, he chose his club, a five-iron.

Wood hit the ball way over the green. The ball looked as if it would go for another hundred yards, except that the clubhouse behind the green blocked the way. An abashed Wood turned away. "I thought the ball was going through a window," he says.

The ball bounced off the clubhouse and took a couple of hops back toward the green. Wood's partner, Leo Rautins, the 76ers' No. 1 draft pick out of Syracuse, suddenly screamed, "Oh, God, Howard! It's going in!"

Wood turned. The ball rolled 30 yards down an embankment and trickled into the cup for a hole in one. As a player known for his bank shots, Wood showed he could employ his specialty on the course as well as the court.

CROSSED UP

Former Catcher Tim McCarver, now a broadcaster for the Mets, tells this story about Junior Ortiz, a rookie catcher for that New York team who speaks mainly Spanish. During a road trip, Ortiz was trying to do a crossword puzzle in English. One clue was "Clenched hand." The answer was four letters long. Ortiz had already determined that the second letter was an i, but he couldn't figure out the full word. Tom Seaver, who had been watching Ortiz work on the puzzle, began to act out the answer in pantomime. As if giving a sign, Seaver clenched his fingers together and made a fist.

Asked Ortiz: "Pitchout?"

THEY SAID IT

● Tom Whidden, Liberty's tactician, after answering the phone when President Reagan called Skipper Dennis Conner in Newport to offer his condolences on the loss of the America's Cup to Australia II: "Get Dennis. The President is on the phone. He wants to tell Dennis he screwed up."

END

GET A HEAD START ON THE OLYMPICS. RUN TO THE POST OFFICE.

And be up on the competition. For free! Just sign up for your U.S. Postal Service Olympic Challenge Collector's Kit.

It's the most colorful and exciting way to get you in shape for the 1984 Games. And keep the spirit alive even after they're over.

You'll receive:

A COLORFUL FREE COLLECTING POSTER OR ALBUM.

Specially designed with places to save all 24 beautiful Olympic stamps. The largest U.S. series ever issued to commemorate the Olympics.

A record-breaking series in itself!

PLUS A PROTECTIVE HOLDER. To keep your Olympic album in mint condition, you'll receive a protective holder with places to record the winners, the new world

records, and your own Olympic notes. Plus a supply of collector's mounting hinges.

OLYMPIC UPDATE NEWSLETTERS. Throughout the coming months, you'll be posted with four issues of the "Olympic Update" newsletters, filled with interesting behind-the-scenes facts.

AN ADDITIONAL ALBUM PAGE. We've included an additional sheet for your album, to preserve your special Olympic stationery, the three colorful postal cards and aerogramme.

A COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW BOOK FOR UNDER \$10.

After the Olympic flame is out, the Postal Service will publish a colorful comprehensive review of the Games in a handsome hardbound book for you to enjoy year after year.

This limited edition is available only from the Postal Service. Order forms will be available with the collecting kit to reserve your copy. But you are under no obligation to purchase the review.

So accept the Olympic Challenge. Just fill out and mail in the coupon below. And get a head start on the 1984 Olympic Games.

U.S. Postal Service
© 1983 USPS

Please send my Olympic Kit: (CHECK ONE ONLY)

☐ Poster and Collector's Kit OR ☐ Album and Collector's Kit.

☐ Please reserve my copy of: The 1984 Olympics, Sarajevo and Los Angeles.
I realize that I can cancel this reservation without any obligation.

Send to: USPS Olympic Stamp Program, Washington, DC 20265-9985

Name _____

Please Print - Last Initial, First Name, Last Name

Address _____

Include P.O. Box No. (Not for Use After Sept. 30, 1983)

City _____

State _____

ZIP _____

OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 7, 1983. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. This offer good only while supplies last. Information that you provide will be protected and only be disclosed in accordance with the Privacy Act of 1974.



FREE



FREE



UNDER \$10



By The Skin Of Their Teeth

Just when the Redskins seemed beaten, they rallied for 17 fast points to shock the L.A. Raiders 37-35

by JACK McCALLUM

Has any Super Bowl champion in recent years seemed so ready to repeat? The Washington Redskins still have John Riggins to part the seas up the middle. They still have the big-play capability of Joe Theismann and his Fun Bunch. They still have more offensive formations than your average flag football team. And on Sunday they showed they haven't forgotten how to win a very big game.

"Even with all we did last year and what we've done so far this year there's been a lot of critics of the Redskins," says Linebacker Rich Milot. "I think they better start coming around."

Now would be fine. On Sunday afternoon before a roaring SRO crowd of 54,016 in RFK Stadium, Washington scored two touchdowns and a field goal in the final seven minutes to beat the Los Angeles Raiders 37-35. That spurt capped the most rousing game of the '83 season and was sweet indeed for the Redskins, who had earlier been burned by a 99-yard touchdown pass and a 97-yard punt return. Riggins wasn't even on the field for those frantic 17 points.

continued

Riggins and the Redskins were in Hog Heaven when he scored from the two for a 6-0 lead.





and in his place was a guy four inches shorter and 55 pounds lighter—and with two bad knees to boot. Along the way the Skins got help from a trick kick that they've yet to practice and from a loosely played Raider zone that went against every tenet of the hard-nosed, man-to-man Silver and Black defenses of the past. They also refused to knuckle under to the Raiders' intimidating ways in a push-and-shove confrontation that the NHL would have been proud to sponsor.

"They were surprised that we were pointing our fingers back at them," is the way Redskin Wide Receiver Charlie Brown put it. Brown pointed his fingers by catching 11 passes, a career high, and scoring a touchdown. What Washington did, ultimately, was out-Raider the Raiders, a team that has long specialized in last-ditch heroics.

The victory put Washington's record at 4-1, which means it's far too early for Redskin loyalists to book plane reservations to Tampa for the '84 Super Bowl. But a loss on Sunday could have been disastrous. The Skins blew a 17-7 halftime lead and were trailing 35-20 with 7:31 remaining in a performance reminiscent of their Monday night el fondo against Dallas in the season opener. Further, all game long the Redskins had been keeping tabs on the Cowboys' game against Minnesota



Theismann was in a groove, passing for 417 yards.

and didn't find out that Dallas had rallied to win 37-24 and remain unbeaten until they were in the locker room.

"They pulled it out?" said Milot, slamming a towel down on the bench. "They have got to be the luckiest team in football."

Good grief, did Brown have a big day, catching 11 passes for 180 yards and one TD.



Luck had very little to do with Washington's victory. The Skins earned it with every wrinkle in Coach Joe Gibbs's active brain and with every crinkle in Joe Washington's battered knees. The Redskins had arrived at their 35-20 deficit in one of the most demoralizing ways possible. Jim Plunkett had thrown three second-half TD passes, and then the Raiders' Greg Pruitt had returned what seemed a perfect punt 97 yards for a touchdown. Turn out the lights, right?

Theismann—that's Theismann as in Nine Livesmann—had other ideas. On the Redskins' first play after that score, from his own 12, he looked off the defense and flipped a screen pass on the right side to Washington, who under less perilous circumstances for the Skins would have been on the bench watching Riggins grind out the clock. Washington got a ferocious block on Linebacker Ted Hendricks from Center Jeff Bostic—"I just saw the big s.o.b. coming and decided I'd take half of him and Joe could have the other half," said Bostic—and skirted 67 yards down the sideline for a first down at the Raider 21.

"In retrospect, that may have been the biggest play of the game," said Theismann afterward. "If we take a lot of time there to score, we're dead." After one incompletion, Theismann threw a 10-yarder to Tight End Don Warren and an 11-yarder to Brown for a touchdown. Los Angeles 35, Washington 27—and 6:15 left.

Redskin Special Teams Coach Wayne Sevier conferred with Gibbs and decided against a standard onside kick that could have put the Raiders in instant field-goal position. Instead, they opted for what Sevier terms a "power kick," which means Jeff Hayes tries to make a low kick over the first line of the return team. "We had it on our list of kicks to try, but somehow we never got around to practicing it," said Sevier. "But Jeff sure knew how to do it." And Free Safety Greg Williams sure knew how to recover it, outwrestling Dokie Williams of the Raiders for the ball at the L.A. 32. After the Redskins couldn't move, dependable Mark Moseley kicked a 34-yard field goal that made the score 35-30 with 4:28 left.

This time the Redskins kicked off deep, but Plunkett couldn't get a first

continued



With the clock ticking away, Washington isolated himself against Martin and outmaneuvered him to grab Theismann's game-winning pass.

down, and after the two-minute warning the Raiders had to punt. Perhaps if L.A. had had Running Back Marcus Allen in the lineup—bothered by a hip pointer, he was in for only one play, the power kick—things would have been different. But then, with Allen in the lineup the whole game would have been different.

From his own 31 Theismann moved the Skins steadily goalward, and in just five plays he had his touchdown—on a six-yard flip to Washington over the middle with 33 seconds left. Three of those plays were completions of nine, 26 and

Washington was the lone buck, but he was stationed outside his left tackle. The Skins can run out of the formation, but it's basically designed to get Washington isolated on a linebacker—and that's just what happened. L.A.'s Rod Martin tried to chuck him at the line, but Washington skinned off, went inside and took Theismann's lob over Martin's outstretched hands for the touchdown that ended one of the most spectacular comebacks in Redskin history.

The game answered one of the major questions about the Redskins. Can they

him into the line 18 times for 67 yards in that first half? Riggins' steady game, plus the remarkably unsteady play of Plunkett, who threw three interceptions, two of which led to Washington scores (a two-yard run by Riggins and a 28-yard field goal by Moseley), helped Washington to a 17-7 lead.

"We wanted to do the same thing in the second half," said Redskin Offensive Tackle George Starke. "Riggins right, Riggins left. That's still what works best for us. But when we got behind, that had to go down the drain."

It's nice, of course, to have something else in reserve—like Joe Washington, who in the off-season had surgery on both knees. He's still not completely happy in his role as Riggins' backup—"It's something that concerns me, but I'm not about to jump off the bridge over it"—but he's a whole lot happier than he was in Baltimore, where he was ready to jump off the bridge before coming over to Washington in a 1981 draft-day trade.

Or like Brown, who in his second year out of South Carolina State is already recognized as a big-play man. Brown will undoubtedly be getting the ball less than he did Sunday (his 11 catches gained 180 yards) now that Art Monk has recovered from a sprained knee suffered in the second preseason game. But Brown's performance Sunday underlined what had become apparent in his outstanding performance in the playoffs last year—that Redskin General Manager Bobby Beathard never made a better eighth-round draft selection. And Beathard showed good judgment in agreeing to renegotiate Brown's \$60,000 salary in training camp: Brown got a four-year package estimated to pay him \$175,000 for this season. "I feel now I'm getting paid what I'm worth," says Brown.

Theismann would like to get paid what he thinks he's worth. Certainly his contract renegotiation talks with Redskin owner Jack Kent Cooke got a boost from his 23-of-39, 417-yard performance. Theismann is in the second year of a four-year contract that will pay him about \$315,000 this season, but there are more than a dozen NFL quarterbacks who make more, none of whom took their team to the Super Bowl last January. Though he's still a walking, and most especially a talking, personification of the Mc Decade, Theismann has become a true leader of these Skins.

With all the high-profile guys on of-



Pruitt didn't seem prudent taking a punt at the three—until he returned it 97 yards.

28 yards to Brown, who took advantage of L.A.'s alleged prevent defense. Both his long gainers were on elementary "in" patterns that struck uncustomarily deep in the Raider zone. "They played a soft zone and we just picked it," said Brown.

Near the goal line, however, the Raiders went back to man-to-man. The Redskins lined up in a strange formation—

win without Riggins? The answer seemed to be no before Joe Washington's eleventh-hour spectacular. Riggins had averaged more than 26 carries in the Redskins' first four games, seven more than anyone else in the league, and that pattern didn't change in the first half. Though Riggins had been sick with the flu most of the week, Theismann sent



Allen was a missing ingredient in L.A.'s attack.

fense—the talkative Theismann, the unpredictable Riggins. The Hogs on the line. The Fun Bunch catching passes—n'ts tough for the Redskin defense to get noticed. Defensive End Dexter Manley is trying his best, though. This year he shaved his head into a Mr. T Mohawk style and has consequently dubbed himself Mr. D. Like Brown, Mr. D succeeded in renegotiating a \$60,000 salary in training camp after announcing he wanted to be paid as much as Dallas' Randy White, who gets \$318,000. Manley didn't get that, but he did sign for something like \$140,000 for this season, with bigger bucks to follow. For the Raider game, Manley appeared in black shoes like those of his pass-rushing cohort, Tony (Mac the Sack) McGee. McGee (three) and Manley (two) accounted for Washington's five sacks, all in the first half when they repeatedly harassed Plunkett. But in the second half the Redskin defense got tired or Plunkett put some Gortol into his 35-year-old arm because he found Wide Receiver Calvin Muhammad for touchdown passes of 25 and 22 yards and marched the Raiders 69 yards for another TD, which came on a two-yard pass to Tight End Todd Christensen.

Everyone knows the way to beat Washington is through the air because All-Pro Safety Tony Peters (who has pleaded guilty to drug-related charges)

and Cornerback Jens White (construct problems) aren't around. But so far only Dallas has done it. Veteran safeties Mark Murphy and Curtis Jordan now work with a very inexperienced crew, second-year man Vernon Dean at right corner and rookie Darrell Green, the 1983 No. 1 draft pick out of Texas A&I, at left corner. Nickel Back Ken Colley is a first-year man.

"Look, I know they'd rather have Jens White in there," says Green, "but I can't worry about that. My theory has been, if I'm going to mess up I'll mess up going 110 miles per hour."

The loss notwithstanding, Los Angeles is still the class of the AFC. No team would have done as well Sunday minus a star of the magnitude of Allen, whom Plunkett desperately needs in order to have some kind of a running game. And Allen's absence wasn't the extent of the Raiders' bad luck. Cliff Branch, the venerable wide receiver, pulled a hamstring while outrunning Dean on his 99-yard second-quarter touchdown bomb from Plunkett (only the fifth 99-yard pass in NFL history) and sat out the second half. On defense, Free Safety Vann McElroy and Cornerback Ted Watts missed most of the second half—McElroy with a back injury and Watts with a strained neck.

With Watts and McElroy back in there's no reason the Raider defense can't resume its dominating ways, after all, until Riggins' short TD run in the first quarter, Los Angeles hadn't given up a touchdown in the first 57½ minutes of



Manley got a trim, and a whiff of oxygen.

any '83 game. The loss was disappointing but far from demoralizing. As Defensive Lineman Lyle Alzado said, "Rocky Marciano's the only undefeated team I know."

"I wouldn't be surprised if we met them again in January," said Redskin Guard Mark May. No one else would, either.

END



Washington hates to spend any time on the bench, but he clearly earned this bit of rest.



When Nebraska beat Syracuse 63-7 last Saturday in Lincoln for its fifth victory of ridiculous proportions in five games this season—the Cornhuskers have outscored their opponents 289-56—the significance was not that the Huskers proved conclusively that they are a marvelous team, although they are. And not that they will finish 13-0, although they will. And not that they will be national champions, although that is so. And not, as LSU Coach Jerry Stovall says, that Nebraska's first team should be No. 1 in the polls and the second team No. 2 with everyone else fighting for third, although that's true, too. No, the significance was that the win provided more evidence that the Huskers are—pause, please, for drum roll—the greatest college football team in history.

Indeed, what has happened is that Nebraska has lapped the field. It appears that no team is worthy of even sharing the same artificial turf with the Huskers. Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne—soft-spoken, low-key, always cautious, forever understated—allows himself a small smile when asked if this might be the greatest team ever. "Could be," he says, in what amounts to a perfectly outrageous statement for him. Monster Buck Kevin Biggers is less restrained. "We're way beyond good," he says. "We're great, the greatest ever."

Biggers has support from, among others, Nebraska Athletic Director Bob Devaney, who coached the 1971 Huskers, a team considered by many observers to be the best collegiate squad ever. That outfit went 13-0, thanks in no small part to the exploits of 1972 Heisman Trophy winner Johnny Rodgers and to a 35-31 defeat of second-ranked Oklahoma in what almost

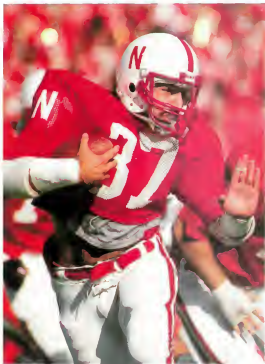
Staking A Claim To Best Ever

Nebraska of '83, led by Mike Rozier (above), has the stuff to transcend Notre Dame of '24, Army of '44 and the rest **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

everyone agrees was the Game of the Century. "This team," says Devaney of the '83 Cornhuskers, "is the finest ever offensively, but so far it's a little hard to evaluate them defensively." To help evaluate: The Huskers, while leading the nation in scoring (57.8 points a game), total offense (585.8 yards a game) and rushing (420.4 yards), are giving up an average of only 11.2 points. On Friday night former Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder confided to Devaney, "I think this is the greatest team ever." And Rodgers, now publisher of a cable magazine in San Die-



Gill (above) directs an attack that simply overwhelms opponents and gives subs like Bob Kingston (27) plenty of playing time.



go, says flatly, "They're a much better team than ours was."

While Devaney concedes that trying to determine the best team in history is "like comparing Jack Dempsey with Joe Louis," numbers offer some help. For example, Nebraska Strength Coach Boyd Epley says that Husker players a decade ago weighed an average of 198.9 pounds; today, 216.02. Ten years ago they bench-pressed an average of 219.42 pounds; today, 302.24.

Of course, there are many ways of measuring greatness, and thus many contenders for best-of-all-time. Clearly, the 1901 point-a-minute Michigan squad that shut out every opponent, including Stanford in the Rose Bowl, was a truly great team. The 1924 Notre Dame bunch featuring the Four Horsemen was another. In 1932 Southern Cal went 10-0 and allowed only 13 points. And how about Army in '44 with Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis? Tom Harmon, winner of the Heisman Trophy in 1940, thinks the best ever was the '47 Michigan team that had "the damndest group of talent I've ever seen." But these are old teams from old days, and however fondly we remember them, they don't compare in any way with Nebraska '83.

More recently, the 1956 Oklahoma

continued

gang coached by Bud Wilkinson and led by Tommy McDonald was terrific by any measure. So was Alabama's 1966 team, which had Ken Stabler at quarterback. And doesn't the '69 Texas team with that funny-looking but deadly wishbone offense belong in there somewhere? And don't forget Tony Dorsett's 1976 Pitt Panthers. Glorious teams all, but, again, not one of them should be mentioned in the same breath with the '83 Huskers.

For openers, Nebraska has three certified Heisman candidates, I-Back Mike Rozier, Quarterback Turner Gill and Wingback Irving Fryar. Guard Dean Steinkuhler would be a fourth candidate if Heisman voters could be educated to cast their ballots for someone besides a back. But because they can't, the 6'3", 270-pound Steinkuhler, whose 4.67 in the 40 makes him as fast as a lot of backs, will have to settle for winning the Outland and Lombardi awards, which go to the nation's best linemen. Steinkuhler makes trap blocking an art form, and whether he's pulling or exploding straight ahead, his blocking looks—and feels—different.

The Nebraska players have determined among themselves that they'll talk up Rozier for the Heisman. Fine. He's as good a choice as any. Says Steinkuhler, "If there's a hole, he hits it. If there's not a hole, he makes it." Last year, as a junior, Rozier rushed for a school-record 1,689 yards, breaking the 32-year-old mark of 1,342 yards set by Bobby Reynolds. Rozier ranks second in the nation this season in rushing with an average of 151.8 yards, and he's playing only 50% to 60% of the time because of the route. "Some people," says Rozier, "have talent and waste it. I have talent and I use it." Oh, yes, and umen.

He makes all the flashy runs big backs should and has all the moves. For example, in the Huskers' 42-10 defeat of UCLA a fortnight ago, Rozier raced around the left side, collided with a Bruin defender, turned, ran back across the field, was hit three more times and still wound up in the end zone. Rozier looked as if he had swallowed a mouse. Against Syracuse, Nebraska's first touchdown came when he bolted around left end for 37 yards. No defenders were anywhere close, but several later reported seeing a blur.

Rozier will win the Heisman because of the kind of effort and talent he



displayed on three third-quarter runs against the Orangemen. With 13:19 left in the quarter, Syracuse stopped him at the line of scrimmage, whereupon he bulled, dove, fought, scratched and clawed for six yards—six Heisman yards. With 10:05 to go, Rozier took a pitch and battered his way for eight Heisman yards

on a play that should have produced no gain. And with 7:29 remaining on a fourth-and-one situation, he again was hit immediately but lowered his head and picked up four more Heisman yards and a first down. It's on the short runs that great backs prove their worth.

Sitting around in his apartment the



Against Syracuse, Rozier, who ranks second in the nation in rushing, high-stepped his way to 142 yards on 19 carries and scored two TDs.

other evening, considering the Heisman. Rozier suggested, "If I win it I think we should split it three ways. I should get the legs, Turner should get the head, and Irving should get the arms." That would be equitable. For Gill, who ran for three touchdowns Saturday, is as heady as any college quarterback in the country. A

starter last season at shortstop for the Husker baseball team who passed up a \$90,000 signing bonus with the Chicago White Sox coming out of high school, Gill runs the option just the way coaches draw it on the blackboards. However, if a team chooses to shut down the option, he'll throw to Fryar or someone else. Pick

your person. "I don't know how good we are," says Gill, "but we can beat anyone in the country."

Fryar thinks so, too. "I'd say by the end of the season we'll probably be the greatest," he says. "Our destiny is in our own hands." All Fryar does is run, catch, return punts and block furiously. An ad-

continued

mining Rodgers says of Fryar, "He does everything I did, plus he's bigger [6 feet, 200 pounds vs. 5' 9", 173]." Husker followers think Johnny R hung the moon over Nebraska, but now, in sober moments, many are confessing that Fryar may be better. According to Epley, Fryar is the best athlete on the team, and his 4.23 speed makes him the fastest Cornhusker ever. Most of all, Fryar provides the deep-strike element in the Husker offense. He has caught 16 passes this season for a 25.9-yard average. Against Syracuse, however, he played only a few minutes before having to sit down with a minor concussion.

Says Gill, "We know what we're doing. We have three great people in the backfield, and if we do a half-decent job, the other guys will do the rest." That statement ignores Fullback Mark Schellen, who has bench-pressed a team-record 475 pounds and runs a smoldering 4.31. That's 4.31 around people or over people. He makes no distinction. He



Nebraska offensive linemen Traynowicz (upper left), Sherlock (left) and Randon are about as intimidating as they come...

and it shows. Says Wyoming Coach Al Kincaid, "When I say this is the greatest offensive team I've ever seen, I mean it's in a class by itself. I have never seen a college offensive line with the strength, speed and pure athletic ability of Nebraska's."

More bad news for opponents who doubt the Huskers' greatness is that the second team is nearly the equal of the first. "They're like clones," says Syracuse Athletic Director Jake Crouthamel. "They all look the same, and they all play the same." Which is to say they play like there's no tomorrow. On Saturday, Nebraska dressed 103 players, and all but eight saw action. And we're not talking ragging. Example: In the third quarter, third-team Quarterback Craig Sundberg threw a 20-yard touchdown pass to fourth-string Tight End Brian Hiemer, and in the fourth quarter he took his team 45 yards to another score.

Defensively the Huskers don't have stars, simply players. They lack experience—only four of this year's starters were first-teamers in 1982—but Tackle Rob Stuckey, one of the four returners, says, "We make up for what we don't know by hitting hard." The defense has been unfairly maligned for giving up 312.8 yards per game. But that's a case in which numbers have little meaning. Look at the opposing team's points on the scoreboard. "Playing defense doesn't demand a lot of skill, just a lot of desire," says Stuckey. Then he ponders the greatest-team-ever question, "We hear that

knows he's not a star in a backfield with a star overload. "I play harder trying to keep up with the other guys," says Schellen, who's a walk-on.

In addition to Steinkuhler, the starters on the offensive line are Guard Harry Grimmer, who tries to be the nastiest, orneriest, meanest guy in the valley and once went three weeks without showering, tackles John Sherlock, who overstudied his playbook and got so hopelessly confused it was taken away from him, and Scott Randon; and Center Mark Traynowicz. Says Line Coach Milt Tenopir, "People ask how we could replace [1981 and '82 Outland winner] Dave Rimington at center. We did it." To watch these five play is to view excellence. They perform with mayhem in their hearts and love of the game in their souls,

... but Steinkuhler is a hot candidate for the Outland Trophy.



continued



When the beat gets hot, dance fever stirs with the cool, refreshing taste of Seagram's 7 & 7UP®. It also stirs with the light taste of Seagram's 7 & diet 7UP®. Real chart toppers, and, enjoyed in moderation—the perfect partners for dance fever.

Dance fever stirs with Seven & Seven



Seagram's

© 1987 SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO. N.Y. AMERICAN WHISKEY A BLEND 40 PROOF
SevenUp and 7UP are trademarks of the SevenUp Company

WHICH OF ITS 196 REFINEMENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT FIRST?

We could have left well enough alone.

After all, the Mercury Lynx we introduced in 1981 was a very successful car.

Instead, we rethought.

Reworked.

And every year found there were still things we could do better.

So today, in addition to front-wheel drive, four-wheel independent suspension, and the efficient performance that you've come to expect from a technologically advanced car, we offer more.

Like an optional engine control system that uses the most advanced on-board computer ever put in a car, to keep seven different engine functions constantly working at peak performance.

Side window de-foggers for good visibility.

Rear seats that fold flat (and split in most models) to give you more storage space when needed.

And a completely redesigned instrument panel that places driver controls where research has found you're likely to reach for them.

There have been major refinements such as the offering of five different power plants, including a newly designed diesel



option that delivers fuel economy ratings of 66 EST. HWY. 45 EPA EST. MPG.*

And small painstaking additions that are perhaps even surer signs of the Mercury commitment to quality.

Like a small strip of laminate placed just ahead of the rear wheels to cut down on abrasion from rocks thrown up from the road.

Listening to Lynx owner suggestions has also led to changes.

Refinements to Lynx, for example,



have helped it require less scheduled maintenance than most cars.

Even Lynx's quality ratings have improved, so they're better than the best-selling Japanese import model.**

We could go on and name all 196 of the refinements we've made since 1981 to make Lynx a better car.

But more important than knowing what each specific improvement entailed, is understanding the principle that lies behind all of them.

That making a successful automobile isn't something you do once.

But something you never stop doing.

Call us toll-free at 1-800-MERCURY for a copy of the 1984 Lynx catalog.

*Official EPA mileage figures are not available at this time. Based on Ford testing, diesel mileage estimates at publication time are: 66 EST HWY./45 EPA EST MPG. Applicable to L-series 3-door units without air conditioning and power steering. Not available in California. Compare to the estimated MPG of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and trip length. Actual highway mileage less.

**Based on a survey of owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 Nissan Sentra and Mercury Lynx automobiles.

MERCURY. A MORE ENLIGHTENED APPROACH.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



MERCURY LYNX

Pall Mall A Step Ahead

Step up in taste,
step down in tar



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

100's, 11 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, "FTD Report" Mar. 1987

stuff," says Stuckey. "But I'm playing on the team, so that means it can't be the greatest ever."

Give Stuckey credit for modesty if nothing else. A team would be lucky to land a Rozier, a Gill, a Fryar or a Steinkuhler once in a decade. To have four such performers on a single squad is downright unfair. Then, Nebraska remains one of the few places where all the little boys grow up dying to play for State U. Defensive End Scott Strassburger of Holdrege turned down financial aid at Dartmouth to pay his own way to Nebraska as a walk-on. Indeed, of the Huskers' top 44 players, 15 are walk-ons. "Nebraska has made it an honor to be a walk-on," says UCLA Offensive Coordinator Homer Smith. "It's like getting a scholarship somewhere else."

Consider the Nebraska tradition. Devaney took the Huskers from oblivion to glory—and their two national championships, in '70 and '71—and then his longtime assistant, Osborne, continued the march, but not without some glitches. After taking over in '73, Osborne lost eight of his first nine games against Oklahoma. He now is enjoying a two-game winning streak over the Sooners. The Oklahoma defeats bugged him enormously, and after the '78 season he even considered becoming coach at Colorado. But he stayed on at Lincoln and, make no mistake, the fans deeply appreciate both Osborne and football. They dress in red, but they contribute green—legally and freely. Saturday was the 127th straight sellout at Memorial Stadium.

Oddly, all these runaway wins have a down side. ABC wants to showcase the Huskers, but it's understandably reluctant to televise a blowout. The most unpleasant sound a network executive can hear is sets being clicked off. ABC has the unhappy prospect of airing Nebraska vs. Oklahoma State, Missouri, Colorado, Kansas State, Iowa State or Kansas, the Huskers' opponents before they face Oklahoma in the Nov. 26 season finale. CBS will broadcast the Sooners game.

Osborne, too, has problems. After the Cornhuskers defeated Minnesota 84-13 three weeks ago, he said, "Those 84 points were bordering on obscenity. I know that." But what's he to do? When the reserves play, Osborne can't very well tell them to go in and flub up. At the end of the UCLA game he had Sundberg kneel with the ball on the Bruin two-yard

line rather than score another touchdown. Some observers thought that gesture showed up UCLA. On Saturday some Syracuse people were grumbling about Nebraska running up the score, but that wasn't the case. In fact, three times Osborne refused to kick a field goal—which he would have done in any reasonably close game—and ran a play

Davis, Joe Morris, Bill Hurley, Jim Ringo, Walt Sweeney and a few of their friends and still most likely would have lost 63-7. "We're supposed to attack their weaknesses," said Syracuse Quarterback Todd Norley before the game. "We haven't found any yet." And, of course, they never did.

That's the point, Nebraska is the col-



Rozier (left) and Fryar are two reasons Nebraska has more than a foothold on greatness.

instead. It just so happened that on all three occasions, the Huskers ran the ball in for scores. Nine of Nebraska's first 11 possessions ended in touchdowns. "All it would take to beat Nebraska is another Nebraska," says UCLA Defensive Tackle Jeff Chaffin.

Unfortunately, on Saturday only one Nebraska was on the field, and it was one too many for Syracuse. The Orangemen could have lined up Jim Brown, Larry Csonka, Jim Nance, Floyd Little, Ernie

Jegge equivalent of the 17-0 Miami Dolphins in 1972. Some contend that the season must be completed before the Cornhuskers are officially anointed as great, and that years must pass before they can vie for greatest-ever honors. Why? Says Minnesota Tight End Jay Carroll of the Cornhuskers, "They won't always be this good." True. However, five days before the Syracuse rout, the Nebraska freshmen beat the William Jewell junior varsity 71-7.

END



On Target For The Games



Bill McKinney, 35, is the most accomplished American archer in the world. He has won the world championship six times, the Olympic gold medal in 1984, and the Pan American Games gold medal in 1983. He is also a six-time national champion.

McKinney is a former water polo player and a former member of the U.S. Olympic team. He is a former member of the U.S. National Archery Federation and the U.S. Olympic Archery Team. He is a former member of the U.S. National Archery Federation and the U.S. Olympic Archery Team.

intimidating East Europeans in water polo. And he certainly doesn't have the raw vitality of a gymnast or a boxer. McKinney seems to be just a small, gentle person with a soft look in his brown eyes, a slighter, darker version of marathoner Bill Rodgers, with a thick, ruddy beard. In fact, he's just about the best archer in the world. "You'd make a great distance runner," McKinney was told recently. "But I've got no endurance," he replied.

His endurance may be a matter for debate, but his skill in his sport is not. Last August in Long Beach, Calif., McKinney

won his sixth national archery championship, his fifth in a row, and next month he returns to Long Beach seeking to regain the world championship. Modesty aside, he will be the odds-on favorite there, and quite probably at the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics as well. Though McKinney dismisses endurance as part of his mastery, he is very specific about the qualities that do set him apart from his competitors.

"Anyone can buy the equipment I use," McKinney says, although it would require \$1,500 to do so, "but only the

He may not look like an athlete, but archer Rick McKinney is a good bet for Olympic gold by **DAN LEVIN**

person with the strongest mind can make it really work.

"I've made a target out of cardboard, and sometimes I stare at it for hours," he says. "I think mean, vicious thoughts."

"No. I have *not* in my life had any when I'm in a strong condition. I was I think my best these morning, too some. I took a salt pump. I was salt pump. My pulse is 68 now, much lower than five and some heart pumps so hard that it is almost your arm.

The 29-year-old McKinnon is a senior physical major at Arizona State University. She says she was "in a bad place" when she got the job, but she says she has "grown a lot" since then.

The report also contains a description of the political system of Thailand. Chapter 10 discusses the economy. The chapter also discusses the impact of the military on domestic politics. The book contains five national maps.



This month McKinney will return to Long Beach, with his sights on the world title.

'I'm going to kill that guy. . . ' Or just positive thoughts: 'I'm going to shoot perfect scores. . . ' I feel the muscles tense in my shoulders and back. I actually see the arrow leaving the bow and going to the center of the target. It develops fantastic confidence and concentration.

"But I only shoot real arrows twice a week, 10 to 20 each time. I don't practice for hours. I did that long enough."

"Every day?"

of Olympic-class athletes. In one of his high-performance routines, he uses pollen and spores of the red flower, honey, sugar and fat—he uses much more than his favorite breakfast of chocolate-chip cookies and water, he swigs the juice of “the three food groups”: salmon, corn in a Big Mac, shake, fries (old-fashioned), and while competing in his championship Pepsi-Cola, claiming “The ingredients settle my stomach.” He says happily, “I don’t want too much strength in my arms. If I start using them, I can’t shoot. I lose the time control.”

partnership and was the Olympic seed medalist in 1996 in Moscow where McKeown won fourth.

The most long learned lesson in history from Robin Hood and his merry men, coming to expect 'high' delivery in the process. But there is none of this in contemporary correct shooting. Instead, there are futilities and intrigue, all but a few are 'mental' exercises, of which there are none.

Some 150 archers were brought to the historic line at the national 100-yd Beach Bowls, beside a perfect demonstration that only in the 19th century, some archers, could bow-



Meticulous about his equipment, McKinney straightens one of his customized arrows.

RICK MCKINNEY *continued*

summer, as well as the site of this month's world championships. But no applause disturbed the near silence that enveloped them. The only sounds were the gentle twang of releasing bowstrings and the soft and distant popping of arrows piercing targets.

Now the four-day competition was half over. The second of two identical rounds was under way—36 arrows at each of four distances, the first an imposing 90 meters. To hit the nine- and 10-point center circle at that distance seemed a stroke of the wildest good fortune, but McKinney was hitting it often, and leading the competition. Pace was only eight points back, and the intrigue was building. They were in a foursome, shooting two at a time, and as the targets grew more crowded with arrows the archers would raise their telescopes or binoculars to search for their color-coded arrow nocks. After six shots apiece, the archers would march to their targets, one to call the scores, one to put them on the board, two to keep the records.

One of those shooting with McKinney and Pace was Hiroshi Yamamoto of Japan. Ineligible to win the nationals, he was at Long Beach for practice, but was close behind McKinney and Pace, and they wanted

more than just to win. They wanted the tournament's best score. So did Yamamoto. He and McKinney were leading off together, but McKinney would always let Yamamoto start shooting first. It was afternoon now, and the wind had blown up; McKinney would watch Yamamoto's arrows "lie in the wind," as he put it later. "From behind, in still air, they look like a dot. But in the wind the back ends kick over. You can read the wind that way, which helps you to adjust your aim." Yamamoto seemed afraid to deprive McKinney of this advantage by waiting him out. There is a 2½-minute

time limit for each three shots, and McKinney was much the faster shooter of the two. Finally, when Yamamoto said, "You go first," McKinney relented. It seemed to be a matter of sportsmanship.

The last day began and McKinney led Pace by 22 points, but that morning, at 50 meters, something curious was happening. As one official put it, "McKinney is going down the tubes." Pace gained six points in only 12 shots, and then he gestured toward the target.

"He's playing a little game," McKinney whispered. "He's requesting a new target face. That can be a psychological disadvantage, since I'm shooting first. When the center circle is broken up with holes, you can find a little dark area to aim at. But when it's nearly empty. . . ."

Toward the end of the 50-meter round, in three arrows McKinney shot a perfect 10 and then two nines. Pace countered with two 10s and a nine; on his last two arrows he shot one 10 and then another 10 that split the first arrow down the middle, a rare "Robin Hood." It seemed to be a symbol of his ascendancy and of McKinney's collapse. Pace had gained 12 points with only 36 arrows, and he trailed by 10 now. Still to be shot was the 30-meter competition, and Pace held the world record at that distance,

with 356 points of a perfect 360.

Later, McKinney would say of that 50-meter round, "My mind was breaking down. Darrell was in total command."

It was a place where McKinney had been before. As he recalls, "My archery career began so badly that just about everyone told me to pick another sport." He has told the story a hundred times, of his Muncie, Ind. boyhood, how his father bought a used 1953 Ford pickup truck and found, in the back, a target-shooting bow. Paul McKinney started shooting in tournaments and at target ranges, and, one by one, he began taking his five sons along. Rick, 10 at the time, was the youngest, so he got to go last. His father and his siblings would hover around him at a range, saying things like "Hold your bow straight," or "Let go—now." His typical score

continued

Scoring a round, McKinney examines the target face carefully.



Holiday Wish Book

SEND GIFTS TO FARAWAY LOVED ONES WITHOUT LEAVING HOME.

Do your Christmas shopping from an easy chair. By phone.

All you need is the Sears Holiday Wish Book and our Ship-a-Gift Service. We'll send candlesticks to Aunt Mary in Maryland, a

toy car to young Tommy in Texas, you name it.

All items shown here are from our special Boxed Gift Selection. But you can use Ship-a-Gift for any Wish Book merchandise. It's the most complete Christmas catalog we have ever offered—over 600 pages of giftable goodies.

Sears prices are easy to take, too. Look for our Early Shopper Discount (through October 18). And specially priced Wish Book values.

Shop from the Wish Book and let Sears do the shipping.

Sears Holiday Wish Book Catalog now available at Sears Catalog Department.



There's more for your life at

Sears
CATALOG

Today's Chevrolet

Cavalier's going



Let's get it together. Or not.

like never before.



Chevrolet Cavalier. Cavalier sales are up over 100%.* It's easy to see why. Front-wheel-drive Cavalier gives you some of the most advanced design and engineering you'll find today.

More power than the leading imports.

The heart of the Cavalier is a 2.0-liter, high-compression, electronically fuel-injected engine that cranks out more horsepower than Honda Accord, more than Nissan Sentra and more than Toyota Tercel. And Computer Command Control is designed to help keep your powerplant running at its peak.

New Type 10 Coupe: The Driver's Cavalier.

Black-out trim, dual-outlet exhaust and available F41 Sport Suspension are just a few things that can make the Type 10 a quick, nimble, fun-to-drive car. Taut, coiled and ready to run.

Going, going, gone. Compare Chevy Cavalier to the imports. Compare price. Then compare value. Cavalier Sedan, Coupe, Hatchback and Wagon.

Drive one today and see for yourself why Cavalier's going like never before.

Today's Chevrolet.

Bringing you the cars and trucks you want and need. That's what Taking Charge is all about.

CHEVROLET
taking charge

*Based on a comparison of January-July 1993 sales versus the same period last year.

Some Chevrolets are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

OFFICIAL
CARS AND TRUCKS
OF THE XIV
OLYMPIC WINTER
GAMES



Copyright © 1993
General Motors Corp.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

MARK STORY

HOME: New York City.

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Commercial film director, Pfeiffer-Story Productions.

HOBBIES: Writing the ultimate self-help book for the non-gregarious, *How to Spend the Least Amount of Time with People You Don't Like*.

LAST BOOK READ: *Post Office*, Charles Bukowski.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Directed *Fur*, a satirical short film, for *Saturday Night Live*.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "After eight years of taking orders in an advertising agency, the time had come. The director would become the director. And I did."

PROFILE: Works well with people. Would prefer not to. "Closest recluse."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label." "After a long casting session and too many stage mothers, having a Dewar's and soda is the only honorable thing to do."



was, maybe, 68, and perfection is 300. He was happy if the arrow merely went in the right direction. Finally, after practicing for five months, he entered a tournament, but his arrows kept landing on the ground in front of the target, so, impatiently, he shot the rest of them any which way. His father grabbed his bow and threatened that if he did it again, he would have to "go and stay in the car."

In eighth grade, as a 110-pound pole vaulter, McKinney loved "the thrill of going up in the air, never knowing how high," but he was never to go higher than 12' 6". And he also loved "that perfect feeling" in archery, "becoming part of the bow and arrow, getting that tingling sensation in my arms and shoulders." He decided that his future was with archery. He practiced for three to six hours every day, and in 1973 took fifth place at the world championship trials. Only the top four archers qualified, and McKinney lost out on his final shot, a six, to Pace—the sport's greatest rivalry had begun. McKinney couldn't have known that then. He says, "For a while there I never wanted to see another bow."

He seemed a little bit lost. Out of high school with no immediate plans for college, he worked for six months at a Burger Man restaurant, for one year in a grocery-store produce section and for another as a drill-press operator. And all the while he was finishing second to Pace in tournaments. Finally, a third at the 1976 nationals—Pace won again—convinced McKinney, as he says now, that "my illustrious career was over. I figured, 'That's it. I'm not getting any better.'"

He did qualify for the 1977 worlds but felt he had no chance to win. So he just went to enjoy himself, strangely free of stresses and anxieties—and he won. Pace finished fourth and, in national competition, more often than not, that's how it has been ever since.

McKinney's progress is a tribute to his skills and determination, but his housemate is a big plus, too. Her name is Sheri Rhodes, she is a quiet, attractive 28-year-old and the head archery coach at Arizona State. McKinney met her in July of 1979 at the National Sports Festival. He had decided that he wanted a college education, and a full-tuition archery scholarship happened to be available at ASU. He drove out from Indiana in his Jeep the next January, and he and Rhodes have been together ever since.

She said nothing about his shooting form until that September, and then only that he'd been dropping his bow arm at the time of release. It wasn't a serious flaw, she assured him, but it could be eliminated. "I worked it out," McKinney says. "My form is much more solid now."

Rhodes and McKinney live in the Phoenix suburb of Glendale in a 10-year-old white stucco town house whose appointments include three cats, Cleo, Sheba and Freckles; the obligatory Phoenix ceiling fans; a 7-foot-tall, \$1,600 grandfather clock; and a Samurai war helmet, Maori war machete, Benedictine bowl, Polish lead-crystal vase, kachina doll, kangaroo-skin wall hanging and various other awards and artifacts from the six continents on which McKinney has competed. Their kitchen is amply stocked with his dietary specialties—cookies and ice water, corn chips, hot sauce and bean dip, and dry-roasted peanuts. And outside, black widow spiders—the curse of a wet winter—hide in the tool shed and in the shadows around McKinney's Kawasaki 750 motorcycle, while the Arizona sun beats mercilessly down, turning a rarely used antique 1940 Plymouth into a steel sauna.

McKinney likes to quote a Zen master in the Herrigel book: "Whoever makes good progress in the beginning has all the more difficulties later on."

"It took me 10 years to reach the top," he says, "but I learned what I was doing. If it had gone easily for me at the start, when I finally ran into problems I wouldn't have known how to solve them. I'd be too deeply into my habits."

On that last afternoon at Long Beach, McKinney was saying, "Pace gave me five years of anguish, but he motivated me by beating me. He was always one step ahead. I'd shoot an awesome six arrows, and he'd be one better. And he always had a little grin on his face."

Pace still had the grin, but it didn't last. McKinney had said, "The first six

arrows at 30 meters will be the most important of the tournament." Then he shot a 58. Pace could only manage 55, and he trailed by 13. Pace's comeback had started too late. He stood with his head down for a long time. He was 12 points into the second set of six when the national championship ended.

A 72-year-old retired engineer named Dietrich Erdely came by. He has competed in and coached archery for more than three decades, and he has known all the great champions in that time. "A group of doctors, engineers, physiologists and psychologists has been trying to find out what qualities make a great archer," said Erdely. "But they can't seem to come to



Rhodes has improved McKinney's form, but not his diet.

any conclusions. In my opinion, it's a combination of mental balance, endurance and determination, especially determination. An archer must be mentally prepared to win before he can actually win. That's Rick McKinney."

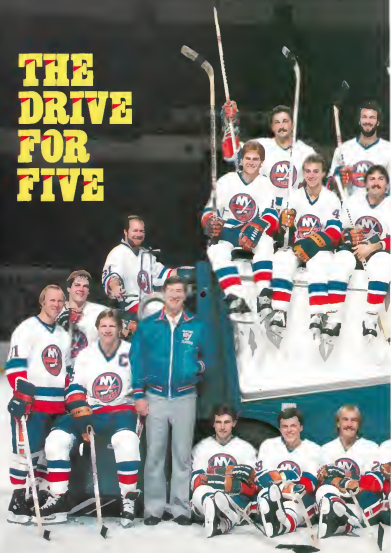
Now he unrolled a fresh target face, and he handed it to McKinney, who had spoken so slightly of his own endurance, for an autograph.

"Right here?" McKinney asked, pointing to the center circle.

"Yes," Erdely said. "That's where you belong."

END

THE DRIVE FOR FIVE





As the New York Islanders filed off the ice after a recent preseason practice, assistant trainer Jim Pickard put the 1983-84 National Hockey League season, which opens this week, in perspective. "I figured it out, guys," Pickard said to the players. "There are only 288,000 seconds left to play in regulation . . . barring overtime."

And, overtime or no, come next April when regulation ends and Stanley Cup play begins, the Islanders will launch in earnest what is already known as the Drive for Five. As the man who will lead his teammates on that drive, Goaltender Billy Smith (behind the controls of the Zamboni machine, left), says, "We have a chance to do something only one other team has ever done." That something is winning a fifth consecutive Stanley Cup, a feat accomplished only by the Montreal Canadiens from 1956 to 1960.

Some team could run the Islanders off the road, of course. Edmonton? Boston? Even Toronto, considering that in the NHL, as has been said, "Not making the playoffs is like not making the phone book."

With that in mind, turn the page for a preview of this season and the playoffs, which are, after all, only 3,024,000 game seconds away . . . barring overtime.

CONTINUED

by JACK FALLA

BEST MOVE, LEAGUE

Overtime
Overdue.

Last season 127 regular-season games, 15% of the schedule, ended in ties. Now the NHL is introducing a five-minute sudden-death overtime period in order to reduce the number of standoffs. But let's not get too excited. Most teams aren't likely to go hell-bent for a win—worth two points in the standings—when they can be assured of one point for a tie.

BEST MOVE, TEAM

The New York Rangers outsmarted the Detroit Red Wings and at the same time shed their Smurf image by trading for the league's biggest player, 6' 3" Defenseman Willy Huber, and a pair of young 6-foot wingers—Mark Osborne, 22, and Mike Blaisdell, 23. In return, the Rangers gave up (read: got rid of) Wing Ron Duguay and also tossed in Wing Eddie Johnstone and Goalie Ed Mio. Duguay was a problem child for Ranger Coach Herb Brooks; he en-

raged Brooks with his habitual lateness to practices, and the almost daily sight of Duguay's mug in the gossip columns drove Brooks batty. Duguay didn't help matters by slumping 32 points from his 1981-82 total of 76.

WORST MOVE, TEAM

Oo-la-la, Detroit! There is no reason to believe that Duguay will get along any better with Red Wing Coach Nick Polano, a disciplinarian, than he did with Brooks. And wait until the Blue Jeans Kid learns that last call in the Motor City is 2 a.m., not 4 a.m. in New York, and that there is only one East Side.

WORST FREE-AGENT MOVE

Brad Park from Boston to Detroit. The forwards who tried to scoot around this once-great defenseman in cozy Boston Garden will have a much easier time of it in the spacious rink at Joe Louis Arena. Park, who is 35 and gimpy-kneed, kissed off any hope he might have had of getting his name inscribed on the Cup. And this for a reported extra \$50,000 per year and a couple of Red Wing owner Mike Ilitch's pizza parlors to be named later.

IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME IN THE DRAFT

New York Islanders. After Hartford, drafting second and in need of a gate attraction, inexplicably passed up Pat LaFontaine, the scoring machine from the Detroit area who got 104 goals last season and broke several scoring records in the Quebec Major Junior Hockey League. Islander G.M. Bill Torrey jumped on him. Torrey got a great young talent for late-February arrival: LaFontaine presently is skating with the U.S. Olympic team. After the Games, LaFontaine will join the Islanders and eventually (probably sooner than later) succeed Butch Goring, 33, or Wayne Merrick, 31, as a regular center.

DRAFT? WAS THERE A DRAFT?

1) It was bad enough that past trades meant that L.A.'s first pick didn't come up until the third round (47th overall). Then the Kings selected Bruce Shoenberger, a defenseman who last year broke a leg just before Christmas. In the Kings' second exhibition game, Shoenberger broke the same bone (again) in the same leg (left).

2) The St. Louis Blues, thanks to



BEST PLAYER, END TO END

The man to the left. Center Bryan Trottier of the Islanders.

Wayne Gretzky is unquestionably the greatest offensive force in the history of the NHL. But the operative words here are "end to end." Says Islander Goalie Billy Smith, "Wayne doesn't play in his own end. Someday I'm going to take him by the hand and introduce him to his goalie."

Trottier, on the other hand, is a very close friend of Smith's on the ice. He also digs the puck out of the corner, fights for it along the boards, forechecks like a latter-day Dave Keon, swings back deep enough in the defensive zone to help cover the slot—and is an offensive machine, setting up Mike Bossy for dozens of goals a season and averaging 39 goals a year himself. Bobby Orr says, "Trottier is the most complete player in the league."





Duczyk will be doing his dance in Detroit

their former owner, the Ralston Purina Company, which took the position last June that it had divested itself of the franchise, didn't participate in the draft at all.

ASLEEP AT THE DRAFT SWITCH

Detroit. Knowing Hartford, picking No. 2, preferred Wing Sylvain Turgeon to LaFontaine, and knowing that the Islanders, picking No. 3, preferred LaFontaine and a big wing named Andy McBain over everyone else, Detroit G.M. Jimmy Devellano, picking No. 4, surely could have worked a deal to swap draft positions with the Whalers—and select hometown hero LaFontaine. With LaFontaine, the Wings would have had something to talk about for the first time since Gordie Howe left the team in 1971.

TEAMS THAT SHOW UP FOR EVERY GAME—AND PAY FOR IT

1) Boston. Those are the real Bruins you see battling away every night, October through March. Last season they finished with the best record in the NHL, and what did it get them? An epidemic of injuries that struck key players like Defenseman Mike Milbury and Right Wing Keith Crowder in the playoffs. Boston will never change. "The Bruins," says General Manager Harry Sinden, "will always try to win every game."

Too bad all the teams in the league

don't have the same attitude. True, the Islanders won their fourth straight Cup last May, but from October to April there were countless nights when they forgot to show up for a game. All of which points up how meaningless the NHL regular season has become.

2) Philadelphia. The Flyers gave their fans a marvelous effort during the regular season, winning the tough Patrick Division only to fall to the Rangers—another New York team that was MIA on many nights during the fall and winter—in the first round of the playoffs. Any team with Bobby Clarke on it had better show up every night—or else.

3) Chicago. Conch Orval Tessier won't have it any other way. When the Black Hawks turned in an uninspired playoff game against Edmonton, one of their rare poor efforts all season, Tessier talked of sending out to the Mayo Clinic "for some heart transplants."

GUT CHECKS THIS SEASON FOR:

1) G.M. Coach Glen Sather and the Edmonton Oilers. The Oilers tore through the 1982-83 season, scoring more goals (424) than any team in league history before romping through the first three rounds of the playoffs. But when they lost the first game of the finals 2-0 to the Islanders in Edmonton, Sather immediately started fiddling with the cruise control, while whining about Islander goalie Smith's stick swinging. The Islanders won the Cup in four straight, holding superstar Wayne Gretzky scoreless. The question is, will the Oilers grow up in '83-84?

2) Minnesota. After reaching the Cup finals three years ago and inspiring the marketing theme "So Close We Can Taste It," the North Stars were eliminated the last two years by Chicago. This club has considerable talent but lacks the pride and mental toughness of teams like the Islanders and Bruins. In Canada, the North Stars are known as hockey's equivalent of the Montreal Expos: all talent, no heart. If new Coach Bill Mahoney can light a fire under Center Bobby Smith, whose production was off 37 points last season, get his point-conscious players to stop worrying about who skates on the power play and show the Stars that

games often are won—or lost—in the corners, Minnesota could leave its fans with a better taste.

THE FIVE TEAMS THAT WILL NOT MAKE THE PLAYOFFS:

1) Hartford. A lock. Turgeon, a left wing, can play, and Center Ron Francis, 20, is a marvelous talent, but defense is a lost art here.

2) Los Angeles. Oh well, the NBA Lakers won't have trouble getting practice time at The Forum.

3) New Jersey. The Devils will be improved, particularly up front where



LaFontaine: Olympic hero, life insurance

rookie John MacLean joins Pat Verbeek. Chico Resch provides dependable goaltending, too. But the Patrick Division is too tough.

4) Pittsburgh. Sixteen years of awful drafts and the gaffe of 1982-83—trading away what turned out to be the No. 1 pick (Brian Lawton) to Minnesota—have put this franchise into a crisis condition. Complicating matters, no sooner had the Penguins traded Center Greg Malone (17 goals) to Hartford last week, than Center Paul Gardner (28 goals) fell off a ladder, broke bones in both heels and now won't play for a minimum of six weeks.

5) Detroit. Why? See previous items re Red Wings.

continued

THE EIGHT TEAMS THAT WILL FALL IN ROUND 1

1) Quebec. In 1759 the Marquis de Montcalm set up his French defenses on the east and north sides of the city only to have the British attack from the west. Today the Nordiques are that vulnerable. Their considerable talent is all up front and mostly named Stastny—brothers Peter, Marian and Anton—or Goulet, as in Michel, a wing who scored 57 goals last season. But championships are still won on defense, and Quebec still doesn't have it. Goaltender Dan—"please call me Daniel"—Bouchard would help matters if he played about 50 games with some intensity, something he has displayed only rarely during his 11 NHL seasons.

2) Montreal. New G.M. Serge Savard could use about three more Savards—a couple of young Serges to shore up the Canadian defense and a Denis to score goals when it counts. Guy Lafleur, Ryan Walter and Mark Napier got their goals (27, 29 and 40, respectively) during the regular season but did not score in the playoffs. Legendary Canadian Netminder Jacques Plante will work with goalies Richard Sevigny and Rick Walsome, which should help, but this is essentially the same club that has fallen in the first round the last three years. And Lafleur and Defenseman Larry Robinson are



Bobby Wilson adds a patch to the Black Hawks

both on the wrong side of the hill.

3) Washington. No team with defensemen like Rod Langway, Brian Engblom and Scott Stevens and forwards like Bobby Carpenter (32 goals) and Mike Gartner (38) can be considered badly off. The problem is that the Caps are like the Islanders of the mid-'70s: on their way, but not quite there yet.

4) St. Louis. After worrying all summer about whether the team would be in Saskatoon or nowhere at all, the Blues will be happy indeed to be drawing paychecks and happier still to make

the playoffs. They will exit docilely when the time comes, save for wings Joe Mullen and Brian Sutter, who don't know what docilely means. However, if Mike Liut, 27, rediscovers the goaltending form that made him the "new Ken Dryden" just three years ago, the Blues could be a major surprise.

5) New York Rangers. Detroit imports Osborne and Blaisdell will provide the muscle that Mark Pavelich, Mike Rogers and the other diminutive snipers need to get their job done, and Willy Huber will help Barry Beck knock goal-hangers onto their backs. But Glen Hanlon and Steve Weeks aren't Stanley Cup goalies.

6) Toronto. The Maple Leafs have bottomed out and started back, led by 50-goal scorer Rick Vaive and flashy Center Dan Daoust. Defenseman Borje Salming can still play the game when the mood strikes him. But the Leafs' roughest guy remains 80-year-old owner Harold Ballard, who, after the Soviets shot down KAL Flight 007, banned the Moscow Circus from Maple Leaf Gardens, saying, "I don't have to be hit in the face with manure."

7) Vancouver. The defense-minded, nay, defense-obsessed Canucks will make the playoffs on the strength of Richard Brodeur's goaltending and Stan Smyl's and Thomas Gradin's scoring. Then it will be an early golf season.

8) Winnipeg. Center Dale Hawerchuk, 20, Defenseman Dave Babych, 22, and Wing Andy McBain, 18, the No. 1 draft pick, someday will take the Jets to the Cup finals. But not in May 1984.

FOUR TEAMS THAT WILL LOSE IN THE QUARTERFINALS

1) Buffalo. Defensemen Phil Housley, 19, Hannu Virta, 20, and Mike Ramsey, 22, give Coach Scotty Bowman the same type of dependable, mobile, play-initiating defense he had in Montreal with Larry Robinson, Serge Savard and Guy Lapointe. And Quebec export Real Cloutier will store off the wing the way Richard Martin once did. Bowman also has a crop of excellent young forwards, including Paul Cyr and Mike Foligno. The Sabres are greatness-in-embryo.

2) Philadelphia. The Flyers cleaned



If top draftee Lindros (left) helps fire up bench, the North Stars could avoid another choke out

continued



INTRODUCING Let go, for a minute, of all your
RENAULT preconceptions about automotive
ENCORE styling and design, and study
 Renault's new hatchback achievement: Encore. Created with a distinctive European look, and European outlook. A panoramic hatchback that opens to fit your lifestyle. A 60/40 split rear seat configuration that provides functional access to cargo. Fully independent suspension with twin coaxial torsion bars, power front disc brakes, and electronic fuel injection—all for expressive performance, and impressive handling. Impressive fuel economy, too: **52** EST HWY, **38** EPA EST MPG.* Renault Encore. *Built in America* from an inspired European design that's creatively expressed, and impressively priced: **\$5755.**** Now that you've let go of your preconceptions, take hold of Renault Encore. 

* Use for comparison. Your mileage may vary with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway and CA figures lower.

** Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Tax, license, destination charges, rear deck spoiler \$72, wheel covers \$90, and regional equipment extra. *Start by American Motors*

RENAULT
THE ONE TO WATCH 

out their front office following the playoffs, but have done nothing to solve their goaltending dilemma. Bob Froese and Pelle Lindbergh took turns being brilliant during the regular season, but Lindbergh bombed in the playoffs. Mark Howe, Bobby Clarke and Bill Barber remain the main men, but Clarke must be rested—or he'll be a burnout victim again at playoff time.

3) **Chicago:** The Party Line of Center Denis Savard (35 goals), Left Wing Al Secord (54) and Right Wing Steve Larmer (43), plus Center Tom Lysiak (23 goals) and Defenseman Doug Wilson (18) mean mucho offense, and Belin Wilson will toughen up a defense that has long been too offense-conscious. But the Hawks lack the speed to keep up with the North Stars.

4) **Calgary:** Right Wing Lantay McDonald finished five goals behind Wayne Gretzky in regular-season scoring (66 to 71), and Center Kent Nilsson, playing when and if the spurt moved him, finished tied for ninth overall with 46 goals and 104 points. After those two, plus Swedish import Hakan Looh, a right wing who led his league in goals last season, and Defenseman Paul Reinhart, the talent drops off—and so does Calgary.

THE TWO THAT WILL NOT MAKE THE CUP FINALS

1) **Boston:** Unless the Bruins find a backup goalie to take the pressure off Pete Peeters, who played 62 games last season and was waived by playoff time,



Peeters poured out in last season's playoffs

and unless they find a left wing who can score consistently, they may not even get this far. Forwards Rick Middleton and Barry Pederson should get their usual 40-plus goals, and Defenseman Ray Bourque has no equal as a rusher. Old pro Guy Lapointe and Jim Schoenfeld bolster a defense that has lost Brad Park. Up front, Terry O'Reilly, who played only 19 games all last year because of a suspension, a broken finger and knee surgery, is still the best right end in hockey.

2) **Minnesota:** The bubble bursts. The consolation is that Mahoney will have pulled this group together. Brian

Believes will emerge as the youngest spiritual team leader in the league, and Rhode Island's Brian Lawton will show why he deserved to be the No. 1 draft choice. Team Choke will grow up. But not all the way.

THE FINAL-ROUND LOSER

Edmonton: The Oilers will clench the Smythe title before Christmas. Gretzky will score 100-or-so goals, but the big Gretzky stories will be the rumors that 1) financially troubled Edmonton owner Peter Pocklington will sell Gretzky to the Rangers for \$10 million, and 2) Gretzky will retire because he doesn't like to fly. Come the Cup finals, there will be no yapping from Glen Sather and no exaggerated dives by Oiler forward Glenn Anderson when Billy Smith massages his ankles. Mark Messier and Jari Kurri will score a bunch of goals, and so will Gretzky (finally).

THE STANLEY CUP CHAMPION

Seventh game: Nassau Coliseum, score tied 3-3 in the third minute of overtime. Oiler Defenseman Paul Coffey takes the puck behind his own net and starts out the right side. Forechecking, Bryan Trottier buzzes in, bumps Coffey off the puck, takes possession and looks to shoot. Freezing Goalie Andy Moog to the post. He then slides a seeing-eye pass onto the stick of Mike Bossy. Moog has no chance. Neither do the Oilers.

Hang another banner in the rafters, boys.



CONTINUED



The stereo receiver you grow into, not out of.

Sony just created a receiver with one vital feature most other units simply aren't able to offer you: a future.

A receiver that serves as the foundation for a system that not only includes all of today's components, but includes an entire generation of components to come.

Sony presents the STR-VX550. Possessed with a unique Audio Video Control Center, it permits the integration of video components with audio components, al-

lowing you to play stereo video cassettes and video discs through your high-fidelity system.

What's more, the receiver's innovative remote-control capability enables you to command not just volume, but virtually every Sony audio/video function—without getting up from your easy chair.

And listening to it is very easy indeed. For among other virtues this receiver offers Sony's brilliant Direct Access Tuning System. Even the amplifier does more than

merely amplify its Audio Signal Processor provides feather-touch controls with extraordinarily low levels of noise and distortion.

All of which results in a receiver whose sound is so exceptional and whose capabilities are so expansive, there's only one element in your stereo system you're likely to outgrow.

Namely: your shelf space.

SONY.
THE ONE AND ONLY

© 1985 Sony Corp. All rights reserved. Sony and the Sony logo are registered trademarks of Sony Corp. in the U.S. and other countries.

SPLENDID CAPITAL GAIN

*Washington became a winner when
it got Defenseman Rod Langway*
by Z.M. SWIFT

It was funny. Last June 7, when Rod Langway went to Montreal's Place des Arts theater to accept the Norris Trophy as the NHL's outstanding defenseman, he wanted to say something nice. After all, he was about to take his place alongside some of the greatest players in history—Bobby Orr, Doug Harvey, Red Kelly. Furthermore, Langway, 26, would become the first American player to receive one of the NHL's postseason awards in 41 years, or since Goalie Frank Brimsek of the Bos-

ton Bruins earned the Vezina Trophy in 1942. Langway had risen to award-winning status in just one stunning season. On Sept. 10, 1982 Langway, Defenseman Brian Engblom and forwards Doug Jarvis and Craig Laughlin had been traded from the Montreal Canadiens to the Washington Capitals. In Montreal, Langway had been merely "promising"; in Washington he delivered. The occasion of the NHL Awards banquet called for him to say something, well, reflective. "I said that I wanted to thank David Poile

[the Capitals' general manager] for wanting us all," Langway recalls. "And that I'd like to thank Mr. Grundman [Irving, Montreal's general manager] for accepting the trade. I meant it sincerely. You don't joke around when you're up there. But everybody started laughing, so I laughed too. The newspapers had a ball with that."

From the outset the trade seemed more like a penalty to the Canadiens than a shrewd deal, "accepting" it eventually cost Grundman his job. On the brighter side, though, it may have saved the Washington franchise from folding. Once Langway and his confreres came aboard, the Capitals became the NHL's most improved team, boosting their record from 26-41-13 in 1981-82 to 39-25-16 last season. Furthermore, Washington became the fifth-best defensive team in the league, allowing 55 fewer goals than it had the previous season, and made the playoffs for the first time in its nine-year history. With Langway aboard, and playing leader to young defencemen Scott Stevens, 19, who arguably contributed more to his team than any other NHL rookie a year ago, and Peter Andersson, 21, a Swedish import, who unfortunately will miss the first eight to 10 weeks of his rookie season because of a torn ligament in his left knee suffered in a preseason game, the Caps have laid the foundation for a legitimate, if uphill, run at the Stanley Cup.

"The bonus in that Montreal trade was an intangible," says Poile, at 34 the youngest G.M. in the NHL. "Langway became our leader on and off the ice. I don't know if he was a leader in Montreal, playing in the shadow of Larry Robinson and Guy Lafleur and the rest, but when he got here he saw the opportunity to put Rod Langway on the map. It was a critical year for us. Either we made the playoffs or, in all probability, the team would have gone sayonara."

During the summer of '82 the Washington franchise was in such disarray that a Save the Caps campaign was organized by fans in response to owner Abe Pollin's threat to shut it down. To keep the team alive, Pollin demanded: 1) a tax break from Prince Georges (Md.) County in which the Capital Centre, where the Caps play, is situated; 2) decreased rent;

3) season-ticket sales of at least 7,000, 3,000 more than in 1981-82; 4) sellouts for the first 10 games of the regular season. By and large, Pollin's demands were met. The final—unspoken—requirement was that the team qualify for one of the 16 playoff spots.

On Aug. 30 Poile was brought in from Calgary to replace Roger Crozier, the acting G.M., and 11 days later The Trade was made. To get the Montreal Four, the Capitals gave up their captain, Forward Ryan Walter, and defenceman Rick Green, who had been with them six seasons. As training camp opened, the Caps were more of a caboodle than a club.

"We were a glorified expansion team," says Poile. "The coach [Bryan Murray] was in his first full season, the G.M. in his first 11 days. We had a dozen new players—from Europe, from Chicago, from Calgary, from Montreal. Everyone was nervous and unknowing. Then we won only two of our first nine games, and the fans started to murmur, 'Same old Caps.' But it was the Montreal influence that ultimately pulled us through."

Langway became team captain as the season opened, but all four erswhile

Canadiens contributed leadership. Murray remembers going into the dressing room after one early loss to find the ordinarily quiet Jarvis standing at his locker screaming to his teammates about the value of team play. Says Langway, "We'd lose 4-1, and the guy who scored the goal would be happy. Those of us who had come down from Montreal had never seen that before and it ticked us off. You play not to be scored on. It took a while to turn that attitude around."

But turn around it did, and quickly. Between Nov. 23 and Dec. 26, the Capitals went 14 games without a loss, bettering the old team record by seven. They passed the Islanders and Rangers in the Patrick Division standings, and just before Christmas they beat the Penguins, Flyers and Islanders, division rivals all, in three consecutive road games, allowing a total of three goals. They were doing it with defense, and they were doing it on the road, night in and night out, a sure sign of team character.

"Roddy felt his way through training camp," says Right Wing Bob Gould, who had played with Langway at the University of New Hampshire. "And I remem-

continued



Capital opponents have no difficulty understanding Langway's simple message: This bump's for you.



Goalie Al Jensen likes Langway's grasp of the defenseman's rule: Keep your man away from the net.

ber everybody kind of waiting for him to take charge."

Langway is not a flashy talent. He doesn't anchor Washington's power play or make electrifying end-to-end rushes in the manner of most recent Norris Trophy winners like Chicago's Doug Wilson, Robinson, the Islander's Denis Potvin or, of course, Orr. Rather, Langway is a fundamentally superb defenseman who expends nearly all his energy stopping the other team from scoring. The 32 points he tallied last season for the Capitals represented the lowest total for a Norris winner since Montreal's Jacques Laperriere, another tall, rangy, stylish defenseman, scored 31 in 1965-66. Langway is a throwback to that pre-Orr era.

"He recognizes what he does best," says Murray. "He doesn't gamble. He plays very safe. He'll go back and make the pass to the same winger time after time if the guy's open, and he's so strong that even when he's being leaned on he can get the puck to his man. He never gets in trouble in his own end."

Eventually the Capitals were edged out of second place by the resurgent Islanders, who then eliminated the Caps

three games to one in the opening round of the playoffs. Langway and Engblom played heroically on defense—riddled by injuries, the Capitals had to rely on just three blueliners in the series—but the Isles' depth and the impotence of the Capitals' power play (1 for 23) ultimately settled the matter. Still, it had been a remarkable year for hockey in Washington. "Basically, we had been hoping we could edge out Pittsburgh for a playoff spot," admits Murray, whose team ended up 49 points ahead of the Penguins. "I just didn't anticipate getting the quality of play and leadership that Langway gave us all season."

Says Polie: "It wasn't the Montreal 'tradition' at work. It was Rod Langway. How can you not win when your best players are also your hardest workers? The other guys see that and wonder, 'How can we not try?'"

If Rod Langway were from, say, Petrolia, Ontario, his story would be less interesting than it is. In fact, he's from Randolph, Mass., a community some ten miles south of Boston. Today, Langway and Cap teammate Bobby Carpenter, the 20-year-old forward from Beverly, Mass.,

18 miles north of Boston, who has scored 64 goals in his two NHL seasons—are at the forefront of the first wave of U.S. players making an impact on the NHL.

What is particularly impressive about Langway is that he didn't even learn to skate until he was 12. "I always thought I was going to play football," he says. Then, in 1970, the Boston Bruins, with Orr setting new standards for defensemen, won the Stanley Cup for the first time in 29 years.

"When you watched TV, it was Bobby this and Bobby that," says Langway. At home my parents were talking about it. My older brother would beg about sneaking into games. So I started to play on the tennis courts at the junior high school near our home, which they flooded to make ice. I'd stay out all day, come home for dinner, then go back again until nine o'clock."

Langway is the third of seven children. His father was a Navy man—Rod was born in Taiwan—who served 21 years before settling in Randolph when Rod was five years old. No one else in the Langway family had ever played hockey, so Rod learned about the mysteries of offside and icing by watching Peter Puck on NBC's Sunday afternoon Game of the Week. EMMY-WINNING PETER PUCK, CARTOON CHARACTER, TEACHES GAME TO FUTURE NORRIS WINNER! It's a fairly radical departure in a sport in which the traditional heroes started skating just about the time they made their first burp.

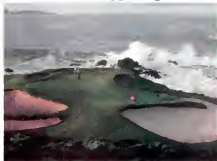
At Randolph High, Langway captained both the hockey and football teams as a junior and added the captaincy of the baseball team—he was a .400-hitting catcher-pitcher—his senior year. Randolph's hockey team went 72-7-1 during the Langway years, but colleges were more interested in him for football. "He threw 22 touchdown passes his senior year in high school," says Dave O'Connor, an assistant coach for both football and hockey at New Hampshire. "Then on defense they'd throw him in as middle linebacker." Langway's size—he's 6'3", 215 pounds—attracted recruiters from Michigan State and Iowa State, but he finally decided on New Hampshire, where he would also be allowed to play hockey.

As a sophomore at UNH, Langway started at outside linebacker, and the

continues

Rum. It's What's Happening.

America is switching from vodka and gin to Puerto Rican white rum. It's happening in Monterey and everywhere else.



After a round on the fabulous Pebble Beach course, there's nothing like a refreshing white rum and tonic. Just ask Cypress Point's Jim Langley and Johnny Pox of Carmel Valley Ranch.

A pre-brunch white rum Bloody Mary at the scenic Big Sur days of Will and Carol Surman.



Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Barden with rum all around and rum on the rocks.

After a lively doubles match, Tania Allison, Theresa Bryant, Maureen Duffy and Vance Kallen pause for rum screwdrivers. Seen with Pebble Beach's Thrana Club Pro Andy Bryant.

Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1973 Rolls-Royce Phantom as you collect Win Time.



A party at Carmel's Anselmi Gallery. Owner Sam Ebenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Jimenez. With white rum, of course.

Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whiskeys.

Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year — by law.

Airline executive Norm Edwards and his wife Jackie take a rum and tonic along on a Saturday afternoon stroll.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
Aged for smoothness and taste.



For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. 8-16, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., NY 10020. © 1983 Government of Puerto Rico.

team made it to the NCAA Division II playoffs, where it lost to Montana State. Three days later, Langway skated a regular shift in a hockey victory over Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. "It wasn't much of a transition for him," says teammate Gould. "We'd been practicing three weeks, and after two days he'd caught up to the rest of us."

The 1976-77 UNH hockey team was ranked in the top five in the nation most of the season, and six of its players eventually made it to the NHL (Bob Miller, Dave Lumley, Bruce Crowder, Gary Burns, Langway and Gould). But in the Eastern NCAA semifinals at Boston Garden, the Wildcats fell behind Cornell 9-7. "There we were in the Garden, allowing nine goals in front of all these scouts and the people from my hometown," Langway says. "I don't remember what I said or did, but I more or less snapped."

New Hampshire scored twice in the closing minutes and won the game in double overtime 10-9, gaining a berth



Engblom (left) is one of the four Cap stalwarts imported from Montreal.

among the final four in Detroit. There UNH lost to the eventual champion, Wisconsin, 4-3 in overtime, but Langway impressed the scouts as the best defenseman in the tournament. In June, Langway became the first U.S. player taken in the NHL draft when Montreal grabbed him as the final pick of the second round.

The Birmingham Bulls of the World Hockey Association had drafted Langway in the first round, however, and they offered him so much money that he decided to leave school and sign. Langway was married—to the former Linda Marzink, his high school sweetheart—and figured that if he didn't like pro hockey he could always return to UNH to play football. But, he says, "I learned more about professional hockey that season in Birmingham than I did in

any other. We were animals. But it was fun."

Most of what Langway learned that year centered on self-defense and fighting. The 1977-78 Bulls may have been the most belligerent team in hockey history. Steve Durano, Dave Hanson (who later appeared as a hockey brawler in the movie *Slap Shot*) and Ken Linseman were among a host of ruffians and agitators at the command of Coach Glen Sonmor, but the team also had finesse players like Frank Mahovlich, Paul Henderson and Mark Napier. Langway proved not only that he could play with the pros, but also that he could tough it out—an oft-heard criticism of the U.S. college player at that time: Sure he can skate, shoot and pass, but the egghead can't handle the rough stuff.

The next season Langway came to terms with the Canadiens. He spent 18 games at the start of the year with Nova Scotia, Montreal's top farm team, then moved up to the defending Stanley Cup champions. He had been playing hockey all of nine years and was suddenly a member of the same defense corps as Larry Robinson, Serge Savard and Guy Lapointe—merely the best unit in the history of the game.

"Seeing those guys play day in and day out, you couldn't help but be influenced," says Langway. "They always made the easy play, did the little things to get themselves out of trouble. On a two-on-one, they'd take away the pass, saying, in effect, if you want to try to beat [Montreal Goalie] Kenny Dryden, go right ahead. They kept everything out of the middle, because that's where the other team's best player, the center, would be. They had earned so much respect that guys wouldn't even try to beat them one-on-one. I'd sit on the bench and think, 'Is it really that easy to play this game?'"

Langway credits Claude Ruel, an assistant coach for the Canadiens that year, for making him the player he is today. Ruel would stay after practice, firing passes to Langway, contriving imaginary



Stevens (left) is a prime beneficiary of Langway's Montreal experience.

continued

The New Car.
It was designed
to move people.
In comfort and
with unrivaled
efficiency. EPA
est. 51 mpg, 67
mpg hwy. It is
based on what

City mileage only. 1.8 liter engine. 1.8 liter 100 mpg for comparison. Your mileage may vary with speed, weather and trip length. Hwy. mileage will probably be less. All figures will be lower

your driving
needs are today.
And what your
needs will likely



be in the future.
The New Car,
the Civic CRX

H O N D A



You never had it this fresh!

BRIGHT

The taste that outshines menthol—
and leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

7 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

HOCKEY 1983-84

situations to keep his interest. "He'd say things to you in broken English that would make you laugh—and that made it fun," Langway says.

In his four seasons with the Canadiens, Langway built a reputation as one of the steadiest defensemen in the game. His days in Montreal became numbered, however, when the Canadian government changed its tax laws in 1981, severely limiting a foreign athlete's ability to shelter his income. Langway still lived in New Hampshire in the off-season. Thus, by the time both the U.S. and Canadian governments were through with him he was taking home something like 30% of his income—in Canadian dollars, then worth 80% of U.S. dollars. He had several talks with Grundman to try to find a solution, but Grundman explained that it would disrupt the Canadiens' salary structure if they were to renegotiate in light of the new laws. So Langway asked to be traded to an American city.

He threatened to retire if Grundman didn't oblige and had already sold his Montreal home when he reported for training camp in 1982. "I thought they were going to call my bluff and make me sit," says Langway. "I never thought they'd trade me." But of course they did.

Anderson, a promising rookie defenseman, will be lost for two months with a torn knee ligament.



Poile's Montreal trade saved the franchise.

At Washington Langway's new contract had bonus clauses throughout. In fact, the bonus value of his Norris Trophy was \$175,000.

It was in his last year in Montreal that Langway stopped wearing a helmet. It

wasn't a choice dictated by machismo, Langway insists, because he is no fighter. Rather, he simply forgot his headgear during a playoff road trip and decided he felt more comfortable playing without it. Seill, it may or may not be a coincidence that the Canadiens' Robinson, Langway's idol, doesn't wear a helmet either.

When the Capitals opened their training camp last month in Hershey, Pa. with an intrasquad scrimmage, Poile was watching from the stands. Referees were on hand; score was being kept. It was good competition. Langway had already slid out to the point to block a slap shot and was now on the bench following the play. He could be heard exhorting his side on as if he were still in college. "Get back! Get back!" he yelled to a teammate who was not back-checking at full speed. He wanted to win the scrimmage, wanted it enough to holler about it.

"We need some glue to keep this franchise going," Poile said, looking on. "We need an identity. Up until last year, Rod was struggling to find an identity, too. Larry Robinson was who he wanted to be. He looks like him, carries himself like him. But now he knows who he is. He's Rod Langway. Maybe we'll be fortunate and end up with an identity like his."

A deal like that would be easy for the Capitals to accept.

149



The players finally get a coach

by William Taffe

NBC has hired wise old Marty Glickman to tutor its football commentators



Glickman wants Brodie, who teams with Marv Albert, to be more ebullient on the air.

Hire 'im, fire 'im. Look, a guy's either got it or doesn't. He's going to sink or swim by Year 2 anyway, so what's the use of working with 'im? He's got a big name? He's hot? Put 'im on.

Unfortunately, such has been the network way when it comes to the use of former players and coaches as football commentators. You could form an NFL Hall of Fame squad with the athletes who have gone on the air cold turkey only to be cashiered by TV within a few years. However, that pattern may be changing, at least at NBC, with the quiet appointment of a tube coach. Here's a boffo idea that television should have come up with back around the time the instant replay was introduced.

The tutor's credentials as a respected broadcaster and former athlete are A+, and at 66 he's no threat to bounce one of his star pupils out of a job. He's also independent enough in semiretirement to need the network less than it needs him, a circumstance that allows him to employ candor, something big-name commentators rarely hear. His name is Marty Glickman. He played tailback at Syracuse from 1936 through '38 and was

a member of the U.S. track team at the '36 Olympics. For eons Glickman called New York Giant, Jet and Knick games on radio. Whenever a Knick shot went through the basket, he would say, "Good—like Nedick's," referring to the orange-drink company that sponsored the broadcasts. To hear him was to love him.

What Glickman does with NBC's 10 football commentators—everybody from the estimable Merlin Olsen to a neophyte like Bob Chandler—is much the same as what their football coaches did with them after every game in darkened screening rooms. He picks the replays of their games apart, praising and criticizing them one-on-one. His opening advice to Olsen, who had been urging NBC to hire a coach for years: Establish eye contact with the camera when doing stand-ups alongside Dick Enberg. Glickman has encouraged John Brodie to let more of his ebullient personality come through. He has told the improving Bob Griese to either explain or drop such footballs as "They went weakside on double coverage" and—get this—"It was a slant against a three-step drop as the line fired out."

"I tell them, 'You can reject everything I say, or you can accept everything I say—I'm just going to tell you,'" says Glickman. Some other notations on his screening-room pad: Too many commentators fail to talk "on picture," that is, they don't relate what they're saying to what's being shown on the screen. Former quarterbacks and others need to offer more personal anecdotes, such as how it feels when the receiver drops a perfect third-down pass. Most erstwhile jocks, perhaps because they were taught to mask their emotions on the field, avoid expressions of joy or frustration once they're in the booth. As for play-by-play men, says Glickman, most need to give the time and score more often for the benefit of late viewers and channel hoppers.

Response to Glickman's critiques has been positive, attesting to the facts that most former players are 1) accustomed to blunt criticism from their coaches and 2) chagrined by the lack of sincere feedback from the network. "I've been at NBC six years, and this is the first time I've had somebody to call and say, 'Let's work on this, let's do this better,'" says former Cincinnati Bengal Tight End Bob Trumpy, who has been cautioned by Glickman about footballs. "It's as though on Day 2 of indoctrination at a network they hand the executives a set of instructions. On Line 6 it says that when the talent calls and asks how they did on the ball game you say, 'Great job.' That's all they say: 'Great job.' It got to the point where it was difficult to trust people who were in charge of my career because that's all I heard."

Exhibit A of the hang-'im-out-to-dry tradition at the networks is Johnny Unitas, who worked at CBS in the mid-'70s solely because of his name value. Says Unitas, "It's like taking an executive from CBS and putting him at quarterback and saying, 'O.K., here's the football. You're facing the New York Giants today. Go get 'em.'" That's a system NBC and its coach may change. Before long, a few more network football commentators may be good—like Nedick's, and like Glickman.

WHEN YOU PUT MONEY INTO WHOLE LIFE INSURANCE, THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE REALLY INVESTING IN.



The people you care most about. Your family. An investment in their future is probably the most important one you could ever make.

Metropolitan understands your concerns for them. For their happiness and security both now and in the future.

That's why we offer Whole Life Plus. It's permanent insurance that you can keep for

as long as you wish. Protection that will be there when you need it.

And Whole Life Plus does more than provide security for your family's future. It builds cash value providing you with an increasing reserve of cash to draw on, should you need it.

Metropolitan's Whole Life Plus is one of the best buys in

permanent insurance protection. And its premiums are guaranteed never to rise.

Call your Metropolitan representative, a trained professional who can give you more information on solid protection for your family's future.



Metropolitan
Insurance Companies

METROPOLITAN REALLY STANDS BY YOU.

Life/Health/Auto/Home/Retirement

by **Herm Weiskopf**

Despite his 27 homers, 101 RBIs, .318 average and 211 hits, Baltimore Shortstop Cal Ripken downplays his chances of being the American League's Most Valuable Player. "I've always had this picture of an MVP win-

"I was thrilled in '80 when we won it all and happy in '76, '77 and '78 when we won the division," said Philadelphia Manager Paul Owens, who donned a uniform on July 18 and led the Phillies to the National League East title. "But when you're upstairs [in the front office], you feel like there's nothing more that you can do, sort of like you've got handcuffs on. Now, dressing with these guys, being in the dugout and watching even the oldest players acting like little kids, this is the most fun I've had in my life."

ner," Ripken said. "He's a guy who hits 40 home runs, bats .320 and has 140 runs batted in. And the guy has to be able to do everything. The guy has to have a Jim Rice-caliber season. Lately, though, people have told me differently." One of those who has endorsed Ripken is Rice's manager, Ralph Houk of Boston. Said Houk, "The thing that gives Ripken the nod over anybody else is that he's a shortstop and has played every game."

For the sixth time in the past seven non-strike seasons, the major leagues set an attendance record. This season's figure was 45,565,910—or 954,215 higher than the previous record draw in 1982. Furthermore, a record 10 teams drew more than two million fans, and six set marks at

the gate. Los Angeles led the majors in attendance for the seventh year in a row with 3,510,313. The worst attendance: Cleveland, with 768,071.

Pitcher Joaquin Andujar and Reliever Bruce Sutter both accepted responsibility for the Cardinals' plunge from world champions to fourth-place finishers in the NL East. "I think it's my fault the club isn't in first place," said Andujar, who was 6-16 this season after being 15-10 in '82. "I feel real bad." Sutter last year had 36 saves in 44 chances (81.8%); this season he had 21 in 30 opportunities (70%). He summed up 1983 by saying, "I expect to get 25 to 35 saves a season. It's just been a horsefeathers year for me."

Despite the Cardinals' collapse, Manager Whitey Herzog said the team wouldn't make nearly as many off-season deals as in 1980 and '81. "I like our club," Herzog insisted. "I like my 15 guys [non-pitchers] as well as anybody else's."

Not counting the shortened 1981 season, the National League did not have a 20-game winner for the first time since 1931 and only the second time in its 108-year history. . . . Tim Lincecum of the Expos became the first player since Ty Cobb in 1915 to have 70 or more stolen bases



MAGIC NUMBERS

Toronto's Dave Stieb earned an extra \$50,000 for one night's work last Friday. Stieb has a contract clause calling for a bonus of that amount if he pitches 275 innings in a season, and with one start left, against the Twins, he had 269. Although he was 2-8 lifetime against Minnesota, Stieb proved to be a money pitcher by allowing three hits in an 8-0 win.

and 70 or more RBIs. Raines, who stole 90 bases and drove in 71 runs, joins the modern company of Cobb (three times), Clyde Milan (1912) and Benny

Kauff (1914). . . . It was really no surprise that the Dodgers didn't lock up first place in the National League West during a midweek series against the Padres (L.A. eventually turned the trick Friday). Although San Diego has never finished in the first division in its 15 seasons in the majors, it has a 71-66 edge in games against L.A. during the past eight years. This season the Padres won the season series 12-6. . . . Off-season arthroscopic left-knee surgery is scheduled for two Cubs: Reliever Lee Smith and Centerfielder Mel Hall. . . . A leading indicator of Cincinnati's lack of punch: Ron Oes-

THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

BATTING

Average

Hits

Runs

RBIs

Doubles

Triples

Homers

Slugging

Stolen

PITCHING

Wins

ERA

Strikeouts

Shutouts

Complete games

Saves

Boggs, Bos.	361
Ripken, Balt.	211
Ripken, Balt.	121
Rice, Bos.	126
Cooper, Mil.	126
Ripken, Balt.	47
Yount, Mil.	10
Rice, Bos.	39
Brett, K.C.	563
Henderson, Oak.	108
Hoyt, Chi.	24
Hosey, Tex.	2.42
Moore, Det.	232
Bodicker, Balt.	5
Gaudy, N.Y.	21
Quisenberry, K.C.	45

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Madlock, Pitt.	.323
Dawson, Mont.	189
Cruz, Hous.	189
Raines, Mont.	132
Murphy, Atl.	121
Backner, Chi.	38
Oliver, Mont.	38
Ray, Pitt.	38
Burke, Atl.	17
Schmidt, Phil.	40
Murphy, Atl.	540
Raines, Mont.	90
Denny, Phil.	19
Hammaker, S.F.	2.25
Carlton, Phil.	275
Rogers, Mont.	5
Soto, Cin.	18
Smith, Chi.	29

ter, who sometimes batted as low as eighth, led the club with 58 RBIs.... "Even with my good years on artificial turf, I have to consider 1983 my best defensively, because it was on grass," said Shortstop Larry Bowa of the Cubs, who made only 11 errors.

Umpire Doug Harvey didn't call off last Wednesday's Dodgers-Padres game in San Diego because of 45 minutes of rain or because the field had been badly chewed up during a recent rock concert by Eddie Money and Def Leppard. The key to Harvey's decision was that, even though the rain had stopped, the grounds crew had locked itself out of the shed in which it keeps the field-repair tools.

Wasn't it unusual that there were two no-hitters last week? Not really. It was the 22nd time in big league history that there have been two or more in a week. In fact, in 1917 there were four in the first week of May. In one of those four, on May 5, Ernie Koob of the Browns held the White Sox hitless, and the next day Bob

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

BOB FORSCH: The 33-year-old Cardinal rightlander pitched the second no-hitter of his career by beating the Expos 3-0 in St. Louis. Forsch allowed only two Montreal runners to reach base.

MIKE WARREN: The 22-year-old A's rightlander became the first rookie to throw a no-hitter since 1973 when he defeated Chicago 3-0 in Oakland. He struck out five and walked three.

Groom of Chicago returned the favor. That was the first of three times that teams have traded no-hitters on successive days. That curiosity next happened in 1968, Gaylord Perry of the Giants beating the Cardinals on Sept. 17, and Ray Washburn of St. Louis defeating San Francisco the next day. A year later Cincinnati's Jim Maloney zapped Houston on April 30, and Don Wilson of the Astros no-hit the Reds on May 1.

Last week's no-hitter by Bob Forsch of the Cardinals was his second and, coupled with brother Ken's gem in 1979, gave the Forsches three. They are the only brothers to have pitched hitless games.

Mike Warren's no-hitter last week for Oakland was the 221st in major league history. There were 26 no-hitters in the

continued



If you'd like to know more about our water, just write:

A SLIGHT DISTURBANCE of the earth created the Jack Daniel's cave spring some 400 million years ago.

The disturbance, so say geologists, caused a crack in the surface of the earth and allowed a stream of iron-free water to spring up from underground. Luckily, Jack Daniel discovered the stream in 1866 and we've been using it to make our whiskey ever since. Today, a second movement of earth could seal off our water entirely. Which, to a Jack Daniel's drinker, would be no slight disturbance.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 364), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

National League from its inception in 1876 to 1900. Then along came the American League in 1901, and since then there have been 86 hitless games in each league.

Expos owner Charles Bronfman said last week that the \$15 million contract he gave to Catcher Gary Carter in the winter of 1982 was a mistake. "I knew we were wrong two months before we signed him, one month before and the day we signed him," said Bronfman. "I'll know it until my dying day." Carter, who has had to bear much of the blame for Montreal's disappointing season, took

Bronfman's statement in stride, saying, "I'm sure it's out of frustration. He wants a winner, too. If he says that to me personally, that'll be a different thing. What if I come back next year and have a Most Valuable Player-type season? Will he say that then? But I want to stay here, finish my career here. I'm dedicated to the team and the organization."

In their final at bats before retiring from baseball, Carl Yastrzemski of the Red Sox popped up to second base against Cleveland's Dan Spillner on Sunday in Boston, and Johnny Bench of the Reds singled to left against the Giants' Mark Calvert on Thursday in Cincinnati. Other players of note who aren't expected back in '84 are Bobby Murcer of the Yankees, Larry Hulse of the Brewers, Vida Blue and Gaylord Perry of the Royals, Jim Kaat of the Cardinals and Bill Robinson of the Phillies.

Chicago's 20-game victory margin over second-place Kansas City in the American League West equals the largest in the 15-year history of divisional play. ... The American League East was vastly superior to the West, as its 332-226 (.565) record in interdivisional play proved. In the National League, the West beat the East 228-204 (.528). ... Dennis Leonard, who won 136 games in nine seasons with Kansas City before undergoing surgery on his left knee on May 29, had a second operation last week. He's expected back next year. ... After 16 days and 487 official at bats without a homer, the Mariners got one—by Dave Henderson. ... Bob Stanley of the Red Sox wound up with a club-record 33 saves, and Jim Rice's 21 assists were the most by a Boston outfielder since 1944, when Bob Johnson threw out 23 runners. ... Manager Steve Boros of the A's says that Davey Lopes, 37, who tied with Dwayne Murphy for the A's home-run lead this season with 17, won't be the starting second baseman in '84. "We're thinking of him as a DH or pinch hitter, and as a pinch runner," Boros said.

Brett Butler, the Braves outfielder who's headed for Cleveland as a player to be named later in the Len Barker trade, planned to wear an Indians cap during last Tuesday's batting practice. But a teammate stole the hat out of Butler's locker, which was fine with Butler, who said, "I've decided it was a poor joke."

Braves owner Ted Turner, who was fined \$25,000 for telling Butler he was one of those to be named, is reportedly interested in reacquiring Butler.

After Pittsburgh's last home game, Dave Parker shook hands with the members of the grounds crew and waved goodbye to the fans in Three Rivers Stadium. But Parker, who can now become a free agent, still wants to remain a Pirate. "I'd



RIPE STRAWBERRY

After coming up to the majors on May 4, Met rookie Darryl Strawberry batted .161 with three home runs and nine RBIs in his first month. After June 4, Strawberry hit .282—to finish the season at .257—with 23 homers and 65 RBIs. Strawberry, 21, is the leading candidate for National League Rookie of the Year honors and should be the Mets' big power hitter for years to come.

The brightest of what the Mets have heralded as a bright bunch of pitching prospects could be Dwight Gooden, 18. Gooden, a 6' 2" righthander who was New York's No. 1 draft pick in 1982, spent most of the year with Lynchburg in the Class A Carolina League. There Gooden was 19-4, had a 2.33 ERA and struck out 300 batters in 191 innings—an average of 14.1 per nine innings. He finished the season with Triple A Tidewater of the International League, where he was 2-1, with a 1.96 ERA and 19 strikeouts in 23 innings. Perhaps not coincidentally, the Mets' farm teams had the best combined record of any organization's.

BALL PARK FIGURES

These standings show each team's victories for 1983 and the increase or decrease compared to last year.

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

Cincinnati	74	+13
Houston	85	+8
Los Angeles	91	+3
San Diego	81	—
Atlanta	88	-1
San Francisco	79	-8

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

Philadelphia	90	+1
New York	68	+3
Pittsburgh	84	—
Chicago	71	-2
Montreal	82	-4
St. Louis	79	-13

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

Texas	77	+13
Chicago	99	+12
Minnesota	70	+10
Oakland	74	+6
Kansas City	79	-11
Seattle	60	-16
California	70	-23

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

New York	91	+12
Toronto	89	+11
Detroit	92	+9
Baltimore	98	+4
Cleveland	70	-8
Milwaukee	87	-8
Boston	78	-11

like to stay in Pittsburgh and play for Chuck Tanner, because I think he's the best manager in baseball," Parker says. "I'm only sorry we couldn't have won this thing for him this year, because he deserves it. I've got a close friend here in Bill Madlock, and I'd hate to leave him, too." But, Parker added, "I also think I could adjust to a new team."



CIMARRON '84 THIS ONE'S GOT THE TOUCH.

The Cadillac touch. It's Electronic Fuel Injection, matched by a tenacious Touring Suspension that comes to grips with the road. It's leather-faced front bucket seats with lumbar support behind a leather-trimmed steering wheel that lets you know you're in control. It's new grille and taillight styling. Laser-accurate quality fits. It's Cimarron '84... with something no other car in its class has. The Cadillac touch.

BEST OF ALL...IT'S A CADILLAC.



Let's Get It Together...Buckle Up.

by Jaime Diaz

A losing proposition

Marietta College hasn't won a game in three years

While extending their NCAA-leading winless streak to 28 games before about 400 home-field spectators last Saturday, the Marietta (Ohio) College Pioneers resembled a dead-game but all-too-human Greek hero bound for his inevitable undoing. However, the Pioneers have not one, but three tragic flaws, none of which could be considered heroic. They're small, slow and weak.

On the other hand, it's doubtful that any of Marietta's 44 players—their 13 Division III rivals in the Ohio Athletic Conference all suit up at least 80 players—suffer from hubris. With no wins and only one tie since Sept. 27, 1980, the Pioneers have had as much trouble maintaining self-esteem as one of their 175-pound linemen has blocking a 230-pound defensive tackle.

Granted, the football stakes aren't very high at Marietta, which is located in the southeast corner of Ohio. Division III schools don't give athletic scholarships, and very few of their players are ever drafted by the pros. Playing is its own reward there, and winning is the highest reward.

"Losing isn't a good experience," says Marietta Athletic Director Phil Roach, who has lost 53% of his games in his other role as the Pioneers' basketball coach. "This losing streak won't build character. It builds heartache. Winning is much healthier for the players and the program."

Parts of Marietta's athletic program are in exceedingly good health. The Pioneers have won the NCAA Division III baseball championship two of the last three years. Its men's four- and eight-oared crew is among the nation's best. But except for a brief fling with history in 1906, Marietta's football team has had only a fleeting acquaintance with respectability.

The Pioneers even had a brush with it on Saturday. Marietta was trailing Mount Union of Alliance, Ohio only 7-0 at



halftime and might have been tied if it hadn't lost a fumble inside the Purple Raiders' one-yard line in the first quarter. Unaccustomed as they are to close games, the dreads who attend Pioneer home games started making more noise than they have in years. But in the second half the Pioneers bowed to custom—and a bigger, faster and deeper opponent—for their 22nd consecutive loss.

Still, there was general agreement afterward that Marietta's hard hitting and 314 yards in total offense made this 28-0 loss one of the Pioneers' best performances since they tied Ohio Wesleyan at the end of the 1980 season. Of course, it was good only in the light of Marietta's recent history:

- Since their last win, a now hallowed 14-7 victory over Otterbein three years ago, the Pioneers have been outscored 928 to 127.

- In 1981, the Marietta soccer team scored more points than the football team, which was shut out in five straight games.

- In a 41-7 loss at home to Capital on Sept. 17, the Pioneers attempted 20 passes, of which 14 were caught. Seven were completed and seven were intercepted.

- Marietta's offensive and defensive lines average exactly 200 pounds per man. The fastest player runs a 4.7 40, and only five Pioneers can bench-press more than 300 pounds. "I don't think we are blessed physically," says first-year Coach Mike Hollway.

Hollway, 31, went to Marietta last April with the immediate intention of burying the past and laying a foundation that would attract better players. The previous coach, Tom Mulligan, 1-25-1 over three seasons, is perhaps best remembered for installing the Play of the Week; he invited students, gas station attendants and any other interested parties to suggest plays, the best of which would be used in that week's game. Mulligan resigned after last season.

Hollway comes from a much different tradition. His father, Bob, is the defensive coordinator with the Minnesota Vikings and the former head coach of the St. Louis Cardinals. Mike Hollway never played a down of college football, but he was a graduate assistant at the University of Michigan for two years under Bo Schembechler. For the next seven years, before coming to Marietta, he was the defensive coordinator at Augustana (Ill.) College, where his 1982 unit allowed only 7.1 points per game.

continued

After breaking for an 18-yard run (1 and 2) Gagliardo fumbled on the one (3). Teammate Rick Ginstead almost recovered (3-6), but the ball squirted into the hands of Mount Union's Jeff Wojtowicz (7), then headed back the other way, as usual (8).





Six Marietta students tried to have some fun Saturday until they were told to bag it.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

"We don't have a tradition here," Hollway says with quiet intensity. "We have to get one. I think we will win a couple of games this year."

His first step was to insist on an almost exaggeratedly positive attitude on the part of his players. No one shows discouragement even at the end of blow-outs. "Keep your head up!" has become the Pioneer battle cry. Of the losing streak, Hollway says, "We don't discuss it." End of discussion, but not of losing streak.

The citizens of Marietta (pop. 16,000) don't discuss the losing streak either. In fact, they don't pay much attention to the football team at all. Their town, which was planned by a group of New Englanders in 1787 and hasn't changed much, has handled adversity with Mid-

western stolidity ever since 1793, when Marie Antoinette, for whom Marietta had been named, was beheaded. As for most of the 810 young men and 446 young women who pay as much as \$8,000 a year in tuition to attend Marietta, a private college, they seem to be more drawn to picnics on the nearby banks of the Ohio and Muskingum rivers on Saturday afternoons than they are to Don Drumm Field.

But even the successful baseball team and crew fail to attract big student followings. Marietta is more noted for its academics than its sports, particularly in the fields of petroleum engineering and sports medicine. Its most famous graduate is Charles Dawes, who was Vice-President under Calvin Coolidge and a Nobel Peace Prize winner in 1925. The school's most notable athletic personages are the first American League president,

Ban Johnson, and Pittsburgh Pirate Rehever Kent Tekulve, another guy who isn't overly blessed physically.

"Even though the football players hate to admit it, the vast majority of the students don't care whether we win or lose," says senior David Henrie. Henrie recently was the target of some choice words from football players after he told the campus newspaper he hoped the Pioneers would lose every game, "so we can get some kind of record." He didn't realize the NCAA record for consecutive losses is 50, set by Macalester College of St. Paul between 1975 and 1979. "I guess I sounded a little harsh," Henrie admits.

Marietta players have been losing for too long to see anything funny about ribbing from fellow students. At Saturday's game, six Marietta undergraduates took their seats wearing brown paper bags over their heads à la New Orleans Amis fans. But they took them off after being confronted by a band of hardcore football supporters. "Nobody knows how to have any fun around here," said Robert Coleman, one of the bagmen. "We want the team to win."

"We're proud to play for Marietta," said senior Linebacker Tate Plachecki, "but on campus everyone views us differently from the way we view ourselves. As a team we feel positive about what we do. It's never been a joke and it never will be. I just wish I were a freshman again."

The Pioneers' football history is not without its high points. In 1906, Marietta achieved its best record ever, 9-1, and in a 12-2 win at home that year against Ohio University the Pioneers completed what may have been the first legal forward pass, a 52-yarder for a touchdown from Petey Gilman to Verne Moses. Branch Rickey was an official in that game, and he is said to have remarked, while the Ohio players were yelling at him to call the play back, "Judas Priest, did you ever see a thing like that!"

Frank Sutton, 92, former athletic director at Marietta High and a football player at the college in the class of '15, was at that game and remembers Moses was "wide open, there was nobody there." Sutton still roots for his alma mater, but he says he can't quite understand why it has become a loser. "I guess you can't be a small one anymore," says the former 135-pound end.

The Pioneers' current roster is loaded with small ones, many of whom are starting to believe they can win. Mark Gag-

continued

Despite the new Pioneer spirit, it's hard for the players to keep their heads up.



Suddenly, my copier's minding everyone's business.

I should have known.
My Canon Personal
Cartridge copier is so ingenious,
people are finding all kinds of ways
to use it.

Especially people in business. Why
they're using it in ways I never dreamed of.

Take my Canon PC-10 for example. It makes

beautiful copies. On plain paper. Which is just what business people are
looking for. And it's so small, they can have one anywhere. On their desks for
instance. Or even a countertop.

My Canon PC-20 gives business a bit more. With a copy speed of
8 copies a minute. And a paper cassette that holds up to
100 sheets to keep the copies coming. Now several
busy people can share one.

But what everybody really likes about my copiers
is how easy they are to maintain. All you have to do is change a cartridge.

That's because the entire copying process—the toner, the drum and
the developer—is inside a neat replaceable cartridge.
Good for about 2,000 copies.

Better still, the PC Copiers do something no other copiers can: They
copy in black, brown or blue, just by changing the cartridge. Tremendous.

If you've been wondering about the price, relax. It's so low almost
every business can afford
their own PC Copier.

Canon Personal
Cartridge copiers.
If I were you,

I'd make it my business to look into
one today.

Canon PC-10/20
Personal Cartridge Copying,
Plain and Simple.



Canon PC Cartridges
\$65 in black
\$70 in brown or blue

*suggested retail price exclusive of cartridge

Canon PC-10
\$995*

Canon PC-20
\$1,295*

For more information about Canon Personal Cartridge Copiers,
call toll free 1-800-524-7440 Ext. 499 or write to Canon USA, Inc., P.O. Box 4022, Columbia, NJ 07805.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone () _____
Fax () _____

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 12, 1902, SECTION 3682, TITLE 26, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly except semi-annually (except full year in February and in September and except here it was combined in one year) and at 3425 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.; Los Angeles, California 90010 for October 1, 1982. Number of issues published annually: 53. Annual subscription price: \$48.00. The General Business Office of the Publisher is located at the Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020. The names of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

*Held for the account of one or more stockholders.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020. The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

*Held for the account of one or more stockholders.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

The names and addresses of the publisher, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor are: Publisher, Robert J. Holt, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Executive Editor, Henry Atkins; General Manager, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020; Managing Editor, Gilbert R. Squire, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

harde, a 185-pound freshman running back, provided Maricetta fans with both the most exciting and the most disappointing moments of Saturday's game on one play, a zigzagging 18-yard run that ended in a goal-line fumble.

Later, in an upbeat Maricetta locker room, Giaguardo chose to think of the play as a sign that the Pioneers aren't far from winning. "We didn't get down," he said. "We thought, 'O.K., we fumbled, but we drove on them.' It just made us want to get the ball back that much quicker. They couldn't stop us."

From losing, that is.

THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

EAST "When we got the ball on our 10," said West Virginia Quarterback Jeff Hostetler, "our players had a determined look in their eyes. So I said, 'Let's do it.' And they did. Trailing Pittsburgh 21-17 with 12½ minutes left, the Mountaineers marched 90 yards in 14 plays—the last, Hostetler's six-yard bootleg with 6:27 remaining—for the deciding touchdown in a 24-21 victory, their first over the Panthers since 1975. In the first half, the Pitt defense, which hadn't allowed a TD in any of its three previous games, sacked Hostetler five times, scored one touchdown—on a 75-yard run after a fumble recovery by Defensive Tackle Tim Quence—and set up another on a controversial punt return by Safety Tom Flynn. On the play, as the ball was bouncing near the sideline at the Pitt 38, a West Virginia defender touched it while he was out of bounds. Thinking the ball had been blown dead—which it should have been but hadn't—many of the Mountaineers headed for the bench. Flynn merely poked up the ball and ran 49 yards to the West Virginia 13 before he was tackled. In the second half, the Mountaineers allowed Pitt only 61 offensive yards and no points.

West Virginia's fifth victory produced its best start since 1962 and its highest national ranking (No. 5 in SI's poll) ever. As the Mountaineers were killing the final minute of the game, their fans on the opposite side of the field were already at work tearing down the goalposts. The elephants then carried one of the posts three miles to the old Mountaineer stadium, where it was propped up—"like a false god," according to one observer—and admired by crowds all night long.

Boston College beat Temple 18-15, despite missing four field-goal tries—from 33, 29, 26, 38 yards—and having one blocked. The Ea-

gles were trailing 15-10 in the fourth quarter when Quarterback Doug Flutie began a drive from the Owl 47. On one third-down play Flutie scrambled 19 yards for a first down; on another he passed 18 yards, again for a first down. The winning TD was a trademark Flutie improvisation with 3:08 left. On a keeper around night end, Flutie saw he was trapped and pitched to Running Back Steve Strachan. "That play isn't designed to be a pitch at all," explained Flutie, "because there's a man playing him." Strachan took the pitch—"a two-handed chest shot," in the words of BC Coach Jack Bucknell—and went four yards for the touchdown.

Rutgers was hanging in against Penn State as long as Quarterback Rusty Hochberg was able to play. But Hochberg, whose father, Jim, is a former National Football League and now coordinates Penn State's sports medicine services, was knocked out of the game in the fourth quarter with torn ligaments in his knee after he threw a 76-yard touchdown pass that made it Nittany Lions 29, Scarlet Knights 25. Hochberg left with 19 completions in 34 attempts, for 367 yards. Penn State freshman D.J. Dooner then put the game out of reach with a 50-yard TD run. Dooner finished with 196 yards for his third 100-yard performance in a row. Final score: Lions 36, Knights 25.

WEST "They say a life is like kissing your sister," said Cal Coach Joe Kapp. "Well, I have three beautiful sisters, and I kiss them all the time." Kapp's Golden Bears had trailed Arizona 26-3 in the third quarter before an 80-yard bomb, a 67-yard punt return by last year's five-lateral-play hero Dwight Garner, a 61-yard TD pass, a three-yard run and an Arizona fumble helped them tie the score 33-33 with 49 seconds to go. Cal even had a shot at winning—but Randy Pratt's 61-yard field-goal attempt fell short as time ran out. "We kept coming," explained Kapp. "We kept breathing on them. We took the 'Mo' momentum." Ten of Bear Quarterback Gale Gilbert's 24 completions were caught by Tight End Dave Lewis, including the 80-yarder that sparked the rally.

Steve Bono of UCLA, a first-time starter, won the national battle with BYU Quarterback Steve Young: Bono completed 25 of 34 passes for 399 yards, three touchdowns and no interceptions, while Young went 25 for 36 for 270 yards, two TDs and three interceptions. Nevertheless, the Cougars won the game 37-35, and Young drew most of the accolades from the pro scouts. "His overall skills—passing, running, scrambling and his coolness," said one, "are far better than anyone I have seen in the West in the past 10 years, and that includes John Elway."

Two weeks ago the cheerleaders at Nevada-Reno went on strike to protest their lack of financial aid, which was discontinued in 1980. While they sat out the Wolf Pack's 38-20 victory over Boise State on Sept. 24,

SI TOP 20

1. NEBRASKA (5-0)	1 *
2. TEXAS (3-0)	3
3. N. CAROLINA (5-0)	4
4. ALABAMA (4-0)	6
5. WEST VIRGINIA (5-0)	7
6. FLORIDA (4-0-1)	8
7. ARIZONA (4-0-1)	2
8. OHIO STATE (3-1)	9
9. MICHIGAN (3-1)	10
10. GEORGIA (3-0-1)	11
11. AUBURN (3-1)	12
12. OKLAHOMA (3-1)	13
13. MIAMI (4-1)	16
14. MARYLAND (3-1)	17
15. WASHINGTON (3-1)	18
16. BOSTON COLL. (4-1)	19
17. ILLINOIS (3-1)	—
18. IOWA (3-1)	5
19. OKLAHOMA ST. (4-0)	—
20. KENTUCKY (4-0)	20

* Last week

two secretaries from the athletic department and a local real estate/insurance man worked as scouts. Then last Wednesday the cheerleaders met with Reno President Joseph Crowley. He promised to look into arranging some form of financial support for them in 1984, and the cheerleaders were back on the job for Reno's 37-16 triumph over Idaho State, in which the Wolf Pack defense picked off six of the Bengals' 24 passes. As for the strike, "We regretted doing it," said Jarace Edgemon, a junior French major, "but you've got to do what you've got to do."

SOUTH It was a game USC couldn't lose. It was also a game USC couldn't win. That's the way it was when the University of Southern California visited the University of South Carolina. But few fans expected the Gamecocks to be the USC to get the victory—much less one by a lopsided 38-14 score. South Carolina wasn't exactly overwhelmed by Southern Cal's reputation, though. "We knew they had a young offensive line, and that's why we blitzed more than we have been," said Gamecock linebacker J.D. Fuller. His unit, known as the Fire Ants because of their tendency to swarm around the ball, had seven sacks, stopped the Trojans on 11 of 13 third downs and held them to only a net 49 yards rushing. "It was a great win for us," said South Carolina Coach Joe Morrison. "It was the finest, the greatest and all those other adjectives that I've ever been associated with."

Because Georgia Safety Charlie Dean was out with shoulder and knee injuries sustained the previous week, Terry Hoage, an All-America cornerback, had to switch to safety

against Mississippi State. But there was no harm done as Georgia won this battle of Bell-dogs 20-7. "I couldn't believe it when they didn't test Terry early in the first quarter," said Georgia Defensive Coordinator Bill Lewis. "I visualized them taking to the fullback and sending [Split End] Donny Knight straight down the middle, right at Terry, three times in a row if they had so. But they chose not to do that." Instead, Mississippi State ran six backs up the middle and Quarterback John Bond around the ends. "I was surprised they didn't test me deep," said Hoage, who in the first quarter intercepted a short pass from Bond in the Georgia end zone. Hoage's replacement at cornerback was freshman John Little, who said, "They were putting two blockers on Hoage, and it left me open to make a lot of tackles. I was nervous in the beginning, but after that it was just like practice."

At Duke it was a reunion of sorts as Howard Schnellenberger's Miami Hurricanes blew in to play Steve Sloan's Blue Devils. As offensive coordinator under Bear Bryant at Alabama in the '60s, Schnellenberger had recruited Sloan, a quarterback, and coached him to two national titles. Last Saturday Schnellenberger was again teaching Sloan a lesson or two, as the Hurricanes won 56-17. They held the Blue Devils, now 0-4, to 32 net yards rushing and sacked Quarterback Ben Bennett five times. Miami also racked up 613 yards on offense, surpassing a school record of 582 set against Elon College in 1941.

With Boomer Eason nursing a sore right shoulder, Maryland relied on its running game and short passes to beat Virginia 23-3. Said Eason, who threw for 190 yards on 13 completions in 26 attempts, "Why go out there and take a chance on getting beat up when I could sit back and take it easy?"

After LSU's 31-17 loss to Florida, Tigers Coach Jerry Stovall was asked if he was disappointed. "Absolutely," he answered. "We will

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Cal Quarterback Gale Gilbert, a 6' 3", 215-pound junior, led the Bears from 23 points behind to a 33-33 tie with Arizona, completing 24 of his 38 passes for 344 yards and two TDs.

DEFENSE: Linebacker Mike Durrah, a 6-foot, 221-pound senior, caused two fumbles, broke up two passes and made 14 tackles, two of these sacks, as South Carolina's 38-14 upset of Southern Cal.

definitely look at the film and try." The Gators held Dalton Hilkord to 28 yards in 14 carries and Garry James to 21 yards in six. And with a 10-point lead at the half, Florida successfully switched to a running game and gained 210 yards in the final two quarters.

continued

What's a Rusty Nail?



a) the mate of the hammerhead shark.



b) a spring in a Hindu water bed.



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

REPRODUCTION BY PERMISSION OF W. W. NORTON & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Florida Quarterback Wayne Peace, who connected on 14 of 20 passes for 185 yards in the first half, threw only three times in the second half, twice for interceptions.

Last Thursday Tulane transfer Quarterback Jon English had apparently lost his fight for eligibility when New Orleans Civil District Judge Reviel Ortigue denied a request for a temporary injunction against the NCAA, which had ruled that English could not play for Tulane because he hadn't sat out a year since leaving Iowa State. "The court is not unkind of the adverse impact this decision may have on the life of the plaintiff," read Ortigue's opinion. "He sincerely believes he can become a professional football player. He wishes to hone his skills in his final year of intercollegiate competition."

"But when one weighs Jon English's plight against the principles of liberty and freedom, our courts will not interfere with the internal affairs of private associations, except in cases where affairs and proceedings have not been conducted fairly and honestly."

On Friday, English's lawyers persuaded the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals that he would suffer irreparable harm if he were not allowed to perform. The court issued a temporary restraining order, and English played. He completed 21 of 36 passes for 318 yards, but Vanderbilt's Kurt Page threw for 282 yards and three touchdowns to lead the Commodores over the Green Wave 30-17.

Trailing 27-24, Florida State Quarterback Kelly Lowrey guided the Seminoles to the Auburn 26-yard line with 59 seconds to play. Obviously time for some War Eagle heroics. Enter, or rather reenter, Auburn's All-America Defensive Tackle Donnie Humphrey, who had been in and out of action with a left knee injury. With the game in the balance, he told Defensive Line Coach Wayne Hall that he was going back onto the field. Humphrey then hurried Lowrey into throwing an interception to Linebacker Greg Carr.

North Carolina battled back from an 11-point deficit at the half to hand Georgia Tech its fourth loss of the season, 38-21. The last time Tech opened a season 0-4 was in 1900.

MIDWEST A short week after Iowa's crowning victory over Ohio State, the Hawkeyes were upset 33-0 by Illinois. In the Illini's first three games, pass-oriented Coach Mike White had attempted to balance his attack between the air and the ground by keeping two backs in the backfield, with mixed results. Against Iowa, White reverted to his all-pass, one-back offense, and Illinois scored 27 points in the first half. During the afternoon, Illinois Quarterback Jack Truett completed 23 of 32 passes for 286 yards. The Illinois defense, meanwhile, used a variety of blitzes, and seven different defenders sacked Chuck Long.

Eighty-two Ohio State players took part in the Buckeyes' 69-18 mauling of Minnesota.

Twelve Gophers were seriously injured, and at least two of them are out for the season. "It could be an infirmary in there," said Minnesota Coach Joe Salemi of the scene in his post-game locker room. "The only ones left healthy are the managers."

In the visitors' dressing room at Michigan, Indiana Coach Sam Wyche's biggest complaint wasn't the 43-18 losing score. His main gripe was about the locker room itself. "It is a crying shame that a place with all the class of Michigan would have facilities like this," he

penalty. That guy over there [Schembechler] wasn't going to let him call it."

Although Marcus Dupree hadn't fully recovered from a bruised nerve beneath his left knee, he played in Oklahoma's 29-10 win at Kansas State. Dupree fumbled twice, but he also ran for 151 yards and three touchdowns—one of them the result of an exhausting 48-yard escapade. "The knee was hurting all during the game," said Dupree. "I had to play. I wanted to play. But on that long run, I didn't think I was going to make it."

With six seconds to go against Michigan State, Purdue led 29-26. Spartan Kicker Ralf Mojsiepenko prepared for a 39-yard attempt, and the Boilermakers, naturally, called a timeout. "I was glad they took it," said Mojsiepenko. "I like all the time I can get. I like to line up the kick and take a few practice swings. I was probably the only guy in the stadium who thought I could make it, and I did [for a final score of 29-29]. I could have hit a 60- or 70-yarder today."



PERKIN' UP THE SCORE

Don't invite Memphis State's Rex Dockery and Alabama's Ray Perkins to the same coaches' clinic next summer. After spotting the Tigers 10 points last Saturday, the Crimson Tide rallied for 41 in the second half and ended up a 44-13 victor. Dockery was asked that Perkins played Quarterback Walter Lewis the whole way and also allowed freshman Van Tiffin to kick a 51-yard field goal in the final minute. "For sure, Lewis is a great quarterback," Dockery snipped, "and Perkins gave him plenty of good opportunities to show it." Said Perkins, "I thought about putting somebody else in at quarterback but I decided against it."

said. "It's ridiculous in there. The offense gets two nicks to hang their stuff on, the defense gets one and the coaches don't have anything. We hang ours on the backs of rusty chairs." Wyche was also disturbed at the officiating. "I've heard that Bo [Schembechler] intimidates officials," he said. "And maybe it's true. Once [when the Wolverines had the ball] I watched that clock tick off 28 seconds [three more than is allowed] without the ball being snapped. The ref was looking at his watch, too, but you knew he wasn't going to call the

SOUTHWEST The Race Owls have felt like cushion fodder before, but never quite so much as last Saturday in Austin. Down 21-0 to Texas, they emerged from the locker room after the half in time for the tail end of the University of Texas' centennial extravaganza. On the field were the 320-member Longhorn band and the 550-member alumni band—both shrouded in thick smoke from a climactic fireworks display that was still in progress. As rockets burst over the south end zone, a stationary fireworks display on the scoreboard spelled out **HAPPY BIRTHDAY—UT**—1900 and formed the outline of a Longhorn head. Picking apart shell-shocked Rice provided a nice pastime for Texas Quarterback Rob Moorschell, who apparently sewed up the starting job against Oklahoma this week with his savvy performance in the 42-6 victory.

Three weeks ago Texas A&M Coach Jackie Sherrill took a time-out with seven seconds to play in the Aggies' 38-0 trouncing of Arkansas State to allow his kicker, Alan Smith, to try an NCAA record-tying sixth field goal in one game. It was good from 57 yards. Last week Smith never got a chance from any distance, and the Aggies lost to Texas Tech 3-0. The winning points came from Rocky Ginn, who made a 51-yarder before the half to give Tech its first 2-0 start in Southwest Conference competition since 1976. The Aggies, meanwhile, slipped to 1-3.

Arkansas rebounded from its Sept. 24 upset at Mississippi with a 38-21 defeat of TCU, while SMU shut out Texas-Arlington 34-0 as Reggie Dupree, a sophomore, and Jeff Atkins, a freshman, ran for 168 and 140 yards, respectively. The Mustangs are now 4-0, but they're not dancing in the streets because the victims have been Louisville, Grambling and TCU, in addition to the Mavericks. **DND**

DODGE ANNOUNCES AMERICA'S BEST FACTORY RUST-PROTECTION TRUCK WARRANTY.

**WE ARE DODGE.
WITH THE LONGEST
RUST-THRU PROTECTION
TRUCK WARRANTY.**

As of time of publication, only one truck manufacturer in America is this tough on rust.

**FIVE YEARS OR 100,000
MILES, WHICHEVER
COMES FIRST.**

Dodge protects you against outer body rust-through for five long, cold winters. And five long, stormy summers. Five years or 100,000 miles. We stand behind our trucks come rain or shine.

5/100
YEARS / 100,000 MILES
NO EXTRA COST

**EVERY 1984 FULL-SIZED
PICKUP. EVERY 1984
RAMCHARGER. AT NO
EXTRA COST.**

This limited warranty covers every full-sized pickup Dodge makes. Every Ramcharger, too. 4x2s. Even 4x4s.

And it won't cost you one extra dime. But it could save you lots. Ask your Dodge Truck dealer for details.

**AT DODGE, WE DON'T
JUST TALK TOUGH.
WE PROVE IT.**

Dodge makes choosing a truck a whole lot easier. Just see your Dodge Truck dealer.



DODGE TRUCKS



**RAM
TOUGH**





Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

CAMEL

LIGHTS and FILTERS



Experience the
Camel taste in Lights and Filters.



The Stafford[™] Collection

Suit \$160. Oxford button-down \$18. Tie \$13.50. Pocket square \$8.50. **Dedicated to the well-dressed man.**

Available at most large stores. Prices slightly higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico. ©1983 The J.C. Penney Company, Inc.

JCPenney

The final blow in the NASL's 1983 Soccer Bowl last Saturday night in Vancouver came 16:37 into the second half. From the left, Barry Wallace of the Tulsa Roughnecks swung in a corner kick toward the near post. Terry Moore nodded the ball on to where pale, almost fragile-looking Ron Fletcher, hanging about for such a chance, hooked it with his left knee into the net from close

cleaned up the Golden Bay Earthquakes in two straight games and had earned more than a week off. And if that wasn't enough to send the odds Toronto's way, Fletcher, Tulsa's top scorer with 15 regular-season and five playoff goals, seemed certain to be ineligible for the Soccer Bowl. Off the field Fletcher is an amiable, laid-back Briton, but in the finale of the Roughneck-Manic series he'd crashed

by Clive Gammon

overruled Howard. "I went out and played a little tennis," Samuels said late Friday. "And I started thinking, 'Hell, I don't want any clouds over this game.' So, in the interests of 60,000 spectators, of Tulsa and Toronto, of soccer in North America, I overruled Ted."



Hidden by the wall of defenders, Pesa sent home the winning goal, to Fletcher's delight.

range. It was the second time in six minutes that the Toronto Blizzard's vaunted defense had been caught flat-footed, and it made the score 2-0 for the Roughnecks. Now all they had to do for victory was keep their composure—and stay on their feet.

This was Tulsa's fourth game in 10 days, and it had been just 48 hours since the Roughnecks had gotten their first glimpse of Vancouver's new domed B.C. Place Stadium and the intimidating breadth of its soccer field—at 76 yards, the broadest in the league. The second-narrowest, at 64 yards, is at Siskiyou Stadium in Tulsa, where, on Wednesday night, the Roughnecks' three-game semifinal with Montreal had ended in a handy 3-0 Tulsa victory. But that win had taken a physical toll. "Listen," said Laurie Abrams, a Tulsa striker, "I'm too tired right now to give a damn about the Soccer Bowl. I should have been starting my vacation today." The other Redeyes—er, Roughnecks—felt the same way.

On the other hand, the Blizzard had

hard into Ed Gettemier, Montreal's goalie. This had cost Fletcher his third yellow-card caution in five games and hence, according to NASL rules, automatic suspension from his team's next outing—which happened to be Soccer Bowl.

Fletcher had already been suspended for similar reasons from four regular-season games. As he said before leaving for Vancouver, "I'm not getting a reputation. I've always had one. If it was as easy to get green cards [resident aliens' temporary work permits] as it is to get yellows, I'd be a U.S. citizen by now..."

The Roughnecks appealed Fletcher's suspension to the NASL, but on Friday afternoon Ted Howard, the league's executive director, rejected that appeal after examining game films. Howard explained that during the playoffs, the league had routinely alerted clubs as to which players were in jeopardy under the cumulative yellow-card rule.

In the NASL, though, strange things happen. Before Friday was out, Fletcher was in again. With seeming insouciance, league President Howard Samuels had

Blowing out the Blizzard

Tulsa won Soccer Bowl '83 with a little assist from the NASL boss

Ted Howard didn't appear festive that evening at the President's Reception. "I wasn't exactly overruled," he said. "I made a technical decision. The offense will be dealt with in due course, at a later date. Samuels' decision was right esthetically."

Anesthetically, it seemed, would have been the better word. "This is the last Soccer Bowl," Samuels had added (beginning next year the NASL will stage a best-of-three finals). "and I want no clouds." But all he had succeeded in doing was further beclouding the league's already less-than-shining image. Soccer aficionados could not help recalling how, during last year's World Cup, Poland's best player, Zbigniew Boniek, was yellow-

continued



The Blizzard had the Roughnecks snowed under until Wallace (3) helped dig them out.

SOCCER *continued*

low-carded out of the semifinal with Italy. That did nothing for Poland, which lost, but much for the sport. The NASL would have gained greater credibility had it allowed a few gray clouds under the dome in Vancouver.

Also influencing Samuels' extraordinary decision in the Fletcher case was the fact that Soccer Bowl, instead of featuring, as expected, a modestly glittering face-off between the Vancouver Whitecaps and the Cosmos, would be contested by clubs that could use a little sprucing up. Tulsa, for example, suffers from a serious lack of support back home, where the Roughnecks averaged only 12,500 fans per game in 1983. Indeed, on Oct. 15 the Roughnecks will go public in the hope that enough Tulsans will buy shares at \$2 apiece to keep the club afloat.

Not surprisingly, the Roughnecks—with the lowest payroll in the league—are a crazy quilt of other teams' rejects. Defender Val Fernandes, for instance, was cut by the California Surf in 1981, by San Diego earlier this year, had played in only three league games in between and had spent last season, he says, "watching TV." Coach Terry Hennessey signed him this summer when Tulsa was 2-8. From that point the Roughnecks went 15-5.

Toronto was no prize package either. While in better shape financially than Tulsa and featuring veteran star Roberto Betegga, a forward signed from Juventus of Italy in June, the Blizzard's play this

season was remarkable mostly for dour defense. Just as dour, in the eyes of many Vancouverites, was Toronto's surprise elimination of the hometown Whitecaps (two games to one) in the first round of the playoffs.

Still, 53,326 fans, most of them "Caps" rooters, showed up for Soccer Bowl. The vast majority howled abuse at the Blizzard and took Tulsa to its collective heart, though even that romance seemed to be ending toward the close of a first half that had been sterile from the start. Toronto kept pushing its four defenders

upfield intending to draw Tulsa offside. Early on, Fletcher, off a pass from Abrahams, slammed a ball just over the top of the goal, and minutes later Roughneck Ace Nsoelengoe struck the underside of the bar with a header. There were sparse, graceful interventions by Betegga, but soon the fans were chanting "Boring, boring!"

And they couldn't be blamed for that, at least until 10 minutes into the second half. That's when Derek Spalding of the Blizzard scythed the legs from under Abrahams, allowing the Roughnecks an indirect free kick a foot outside the penalty box and right in front of goal. The set piece was an elegant combined effort. Iraj Danafard—an Iranian player who, typically, was signed after walking into the Tulsa office one day in 1979—was shielded from the Toronto wall by two teammates, and touched the ball to Wallace, who teed it up for Nygo Pesa. Goalie Jan Moller, who was screened, came nowhere near the ball as it curled into the net to his right.

The Toronto defense had earlier been all but impeccable, if dull. Now it cracked. In the next 10 minutes, Tulsa might have scored four goals. Straight off the restart after Pesa's goal the ball was loose in the Blizzard box with Pesa, Abrahams and Fletcher snabbing at it and each barely failing to connect. And then came Fletcher's clunker, the goal that, Toronto fans will argue, never should have happened because Fletcher never should have been in the game.

Now, in the final minutes, the Blizzard had to come forward against Roughnecks who were close to exhaustion. (Abrahams would later say of a shot he'd taken during the closing minutes, "I was so gone, I hit it so soft, all the goalie had to do was bend down and pick it up.") But a back flick by Nsoelengoe that almost took Tulsa Goalie Winston DuBoise by surprise was stopped, if barely, and Betegga's follow-up shot went over the bar instead of into the net. Thereafter Toronto failed to threaten.

Soon the little group of Tulsa fans in red was streaming onto the field in celebration of the Roughnecks' first Soccer Bowl championship.

In the locker room, smiling and laid-back as ever, Fletcher insisted on having the last word. "It was nice of Howard Samuels to let me play," he said, "but I reckon I paid his fare out here with all the fines I've had."



Fletcher felt just fine, despite his fines.

Head of the class.

The Bell Yellow Pages is the #1 business reference book. Business people read it every working day because what they learn helps them stay on top.

In many metropolitan areas there is another book to learn from: the Business of Business Bell Yellow Pages. It contains all the businesses other businesses need.

Get the Yellow Pages talking. **Let your fingers do the walking.**





The chill of the Ukrainian autumn had spread through the Kiev Palace of Sports last Thursday night, sending fans at the World Wrestling Championships off to vending kiosks to fuel up on snacks and sandwiches and broad-mouthed bottles of curd-clotted milk. "For wrestlers, this is cold," said Nancy Schultz, shifting nervously in her seat near outside. Her husband, Dave, planned to generate some heat in the 163-pound freestyle final, but even he didn't feel comfortable in the setting. He couldn't so much as read the scoreboard—an undecipherable mass of Cyrillic letters—and a sellout crowd of 6,700 Soviets eagerly cheered on his opponent, Muscovite Taram Magomadov. Schultz also was under unexpected pres-

Schultz received a hero's acclaim after defeating Magomadov for the 163-pound title.



The trip wasn't a total loss

Dave Schultz was the only U.S. winner at the Soviet-dominated worlds

sure. After four days of mostly disappointing performances by the U.S. team—a squad up to its headgear in unforeseen problems—he was America's last remaining hope for a gold medal.

Before their match was called up, Schultz and Magomadov stood at mid-mat staring each other down; soon they were going at it. This was predictable. Schultz, a two-time NCAA champ from Oklahoma, is an easygoing, wonderfully

comic, born-again Christian who turns absolutely feral in competition. "Dave has been wrestling in his sleep," his wife said. "He woke up at four in the morning before the semifinals and just sort of roamed around." Last year, when Schultz couldn't make the U.S. world championship team at 163 pounds, he moved up to take the 181.5-pound slot, went to the championships in Edmonton and, despite giving away nearly 20

by Craig Neff

pounds to every opponent, still won a bronze medal. In Kiev, Schultz was fiercer than ever. In a 3-1 victory over 1981 World Champion Martin Knop of West Germany, he applied such a vise-like front headlock that Knop finally passed out. When Nancy tried to sneak up on her husband from behind to give him a surprise good-luck kiss while he loosened up for a subsequent bout, she accidentally got smacked in the throat; Dave was too busy swinging his arms to notice her.


"Don't kiss me. I've got a big match," he said sternly.

At the start of Thursday's final, alas, Magomadov found that Schultz can sometimes be a pushover; he bulldozed Schultz onto his back for a 3-0 lead, then took him down again to make the score 4-0. "I was kind of worried at that point," said U.S. Head Coach Dan Gable, who'd already seen America's two other finalists, 136.5-pound Leroy Smith and 220-pound Marine Sgt. Greg Gibson, soundly beaten into second place. But now Schultz fought back with a take-down and then repeated use of a gut-wrench maneuver, in which he squeezed Magomadov around the waist from behind and turned him to his back three times. After the first of two three-minute periods, Schultz led 7-4.

Clearly, Schultz had learned from the mistakes of Smith and Gibson. Smith, formerly of, as Kiev spectators put it, "Oklahoma" State, had been rather inattentive to detail throughout the U.S. team's trip. He'd lost, in order: his plane ticket in Los Angeles, his wallet in Paris and his passport in Hungary. For his gold-medal match against Viktor Alekseyev of the Soviet Union, Smith showed up wearing a singlet of the wrong color, blue instead of red. He was sent back to change. His concentration ruined, Smith fell hopelessly behind Alekseyev in the opening minutes and never recovered, losing 11-4.

Gibson, a 29-year-old two-time freestyle world championship medalist, seemed frozen by the chill of the arena in

continued

A surreal landscape with rolling sand dunes under a dark sky. A massive, metallic, three-dimensional letter 'V' is partially buried in the sand. A man and a woman, both dressed in white, stand inside a circular opening at the base of the 'V'. The woman is holding a glass, and the man is clapping his hands. Bright, starburst-like light flares emanate from the top of the 'V' and from the circular frame. The overall mood is dreamlike and elegant.

The V.O. taste. So unexpectedly smooth. So surprisingly light. Mixed or straight, you'll taste the difference.

Of course, whenever you drink know when to say no. But when you do say yes, make it Seagram's V.O.

It's everything you never expected.

© 1991 SEAGRAM V.O. V.V. NY NY CANADIAN IMPORT A BLEND OF CANADIAN FINEST WHISKIES 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)

Break away from the ordinary. Discover the drink that stands apart.

BENSON & HEDGES

The Deluxe 100.



© Philip Morris Inc. 1993

6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Deluxe Ultra Lights

Only 6 mg, yet rich enough to be called deluxe.
Regular and Menthol.

his 6-2 loss to the Soviets' Avlan Khadartsev. Gibson is built like a marble statue, and he moved like one against Khadartsev. To be fair, he wrestled on a strained left knee and on Thursday he felt he was coming down with the flu.

But Schultz was hale and hearty, as Magomadev discovered in the final period when Schultz scored twice on headlock rolls to pin 11-6. Thus he not only became the ninth American wrestler in history to win a world championship but also continued recent U.S. domination of the 163-pound class. Schultz's good friend Lee Kemp, who skipped the Kiev meet to concentrate on his MBA studies at Wisconsin, won 163-pound titles in 1978, 1979 and last year. "Lee just wasn't psyched this year," said Schultz. "Boy, am I glad."

No one was as glad about the results in Kiev as the host nation. Soviet freestyle wrestlers won seven gold medals, two silver and one bronze—that's one in every weight class—with the world's finest wrestler, Sergei Beloglazov, winning the 125.5-pound class, and Salman Khasimov the heavyweight. Bulgaria placed second, and the U.S. third on the strength of Schultz's gold, the silvers of Smith and Gibson and a bronze for heavyweight Bruce Baumgartner. The medal haul was a qualitative, if not quantitative, improvement for the U.S.: At last year's world championships, Americans also won four medals, but three of them were bronze.

What clouded the Kiev meet, and caused all manner of problems for the U.S. team, was the aftershock from the Soviets' Sept. 1 attack on Korean Air Lines Flight 007. South Korea withdrew its team from the championships in protest, and some Americans suggested that the U.S. follow suit. But while France, Britain and Italy failed to send their teams because of travel restrictions brought on by the incident, and the Ayatollah Khomeini inexplicably pulled Iran's team out of the freestyle portion of the meet (though not, curiously, the Greco-Roman or Sombro competitions), the Americans were eager to compete and the Reagan Administration did not try to stop them.

By the time the U.S. team left for Kiev, however, its mental preparation had been set back by worries about a boycott. Worse, the team was without its two gold-medal favorites, Kemp and Chris Campbell, the 1981 world champion at



Russians Alekseyev, taking down Smith (right), and Beloglazov won divisions.

181.5 pounds, who has back problems. And because of the curtailed airline service into the Soviet Union, the U.S. wrestlers had to leave nine days earlier than planned, flying from Cedar Rapids, Iowa to Denver to L.A. to Paris where they stayed overnight. Then they caught a flight to Budapest, only to discover that they needed, but did not have, Hungarian visas. They soon acquired both the visas and a bus that carried them first to a three-day workout camp with the Hungarian team in the Bakony Mountains and then to a four-day camp with the Japanese team in Budapest. From there, the Americans took a 25-hour train ride that brought them to Kiev on Sept. 24. "It's not the best way to travel," said Gable.

Whether from fatigue, sloppy technique or inexperience (international rules are drastically different from those governing U.S. collegiate wrestling), the Americans wrestled so poorly in early matches that six of the 10-member team, including Schultz's brother Mark, a 181.5-pounder, were soon eliminated. Gable, who won a gold medal in the 1972 Games and will coach the U.S. Olympic freestyle team next year, wished he'd had more than just a couple of weeks to train his world championship squad. "There was really only one practice where I felt comfortable and worked as hard as I like," he said. "The next day the comments I got were like, 'Were you mad at us, Coach? Why'd you make us do



that?" Rest assured that before next year's Games, Gable will put U.S. wrestlers through many more of his rigid drills, the kind he has used in coaching Iowa to six straight NCAA titles. "I'm going for 10 gold medals in L.A.," he says.

After Thursday night, Schultz can imagine the joy of winning one himself. He was mobbed by Soviet fans seeking autographs and by local reporters struggling with English translations and biographical data and the concept of Boomer Sooner ("Oklahoma Institute of Physical Culture?"). "No, University!" Schultz carried his winnings with him: a huge gold medal, a small gold medal, a certificate, a heavy lead-crystal vase, one pink rose and a massive championship belt. A friend on the Soviet team brought him champagne and caviar. "I should move here now," said Schultz. For once, Soviets and Americans were mingling, and there was warmth.

END

Gall, Divided Into Three Parts

It's hard to be a triathlete even if you're the best. A triathlete has to be a swimmer, a cyclist, and a runner.

by Dan Levin

In an age seemingly preoccupied with total body fitness, many swimmers are frowning down at flaccid thighs, as if seeing them for the first time. Cyclists, hunched over and locked in their toe clips, are yearning to breathe free occasionally. Bored runners, arms nearly vestigial, are finding their high to be not so high anymore. For whatever reason—because they are selectively fit and want to achieve totality, or are totally fit and want to prove it—ever increasing numbers of athletes are entering triathlons, those nonstop swim-bike-run phenomena of recent years.

Cut to the French Riviera, where the Nice World Triathlon Championships were held one Saturday last month. The 206 men and 15 women at Nice were





Among the 221 starters in the Nice triathlon, Scott (far left) was one of the top baristas, and Allen figured to have a leg up on almost anyone



competing for \$75,000 in prize money, the most ever for a triathlon. The male and female winners would each take home a record \$10,000, and as race day drew near one marveled at how far the sport had come since 1978. Was it really only five years ago that the first Hawaiian Ironman Triathlon was held? Twelve men survived a 2.4-mile swim through the enormous Pacific swells, stumbled ashore on Oahu to cycle for 112 more miles and then hopped, or fell, from their bikes to run a marathon.

In the first nine months of 1983 more than 200,000 Americans—girls, next door, lepidopterists, even dentists—completed more than 1,000 triathlons. There were ultradistance events like the Ironman, and "sprint" races with 1.2-mile

continued



As Scott (above) and Allen (below) can attest, the bare fact is that the quick switch from swimming to cycling attire requires some checkiness.



Triathlon *continued*

swims, 25-mile bike races and nine-mile runs. Nice would be a middle-distance race, with a 1.8-mile swim in the turquoise Mediterranean, a 75-mile bike race through the roller-coaster foothills of Les Alpes-Maritimes and an 18-mile run in the heat of a very hot day.

Now the starting clock was counting down. Most of the world's best triathletes stood waiting by the Baie des Anges, lined up like so many Michelangelo statues. None was more stunningly proportioned than three of the favored men: Mark Allen, winner of last year's Nice

The previous October, in the sixth Ironman, which is, in effect, the world championship, Scott and Allen were neck and neck in the bike leg. No one else was close. Allen wore the look of cool composure for which he has become famous, and then, suddenly, a piece of the rear derailleur on his bike fell off, ending his day. Scott went on to win the Ironman for the second time, setting a record for the course. Winning an Ironman—metaphorically finishing one—is an act of raw courage and athletic virtuosity. Winning two, as only Scott has done, is a feat for the ages.



race, a relative newcomer with the right stuff; Scott Molina, scourge of the sprint distances; and Dave Scott, a specter to Allen and Molina, whose starting line chatter about "Dave" seemed like the last words of condemned men. Allen had never beaten Scott; Molina had beaten him only once, in a sprint race this summer. Last May, in Florida's Gulf Coast Triathlon, Scott had trailed them both through the 1.5-mile swim, the 62-mile bicycle leg and half of the 13.9-mile run. Then he left them panting in his dust.

Scott is an unusually handsome young man with teeth so white and large that he sometimes seems about to break into a grin when, in fact, his lips are merely parted. But on this morning in Nice he wasn't noticeably more fit than many of the other Adonises and Aphrodites around him. He is a very lean 6' 1", 163 pounds, cookie-cutter standard for men in his sport. Allen is 6 feet and 152, and Molina 6 feet and 150, but Scott has extra sinew and width across the calves, in part from the 60 to 70 miles that he runs each

week. He has the thighs of a serious cyclist, with enough tautness and breadth in the quadriceps to suggest the weekly 400 miles that he rides. And he has an upper body forged by calisthenics, work with free weights and a weekly 30,000 yards of swimming—a roundness in his pectorals and deltoids and well-defined ridges of muscle between his chest and waistline. In short, he's the classic male triathlete.

But Scott doesn't sit home and gloat over his physique. His workouts have always been so rigorous that they are legendary, in the real sense of the word; none of the other top triathletes ever sees him train. Most, including Allen and Molina, live in the San Diego area, where the elite triathlon community is one big support group and where the sunny climate facilitates training. Scott lives and trains in Davis, Calif., 65 miles east of San Francisco, a place of wintry gusts, driving spring rains and blasting summer heat. Much of his work is solitary, and he seems to draw strength from his aloneness. He's very modest, slightly shy at times, with a gently self-mocking sense of humor. But one day not long ago he laughed and said, "You know why I live up here? Because the weather stinks. Those other guys are soft. They're not hungry, and they know what to expect from each other."

Another aspect of the Scott legend concerns his dietary habits, the hours-long meals, the waitresses staggering to his side beneath the weight of overloaded trays. People are always saying things like, "Were you there the night Dave ate 17 bananas—for an appetizer?" When Scott gets the munchies, the kitchen cupboards all but implode. He has to eat that way. His typical 6½- to 8½-hour day of training burns up 5,500 to 6,000 calories, and he refuses to eat most high-calorie foods. He's convinced that endurance athletes perform best on a diet high in complex carbohydrates—no controversial view—and low in protein and fat. He believes excess fat in the diet is a leading cause of cancer and heart disease. He believes it so strongly that when he eats at home he rinses low-fat cottage cheese in a strainer to try for no-fat cottage cheese,

continued

Allen and Molina were still out in front during the long climb—but were they leading the race?



Triathlon (continued)

and he sticks to a vegetarian diet when possible, eating no sugar and downsizing stupefying quantities of fruit, vegetables, brown-rice cakes and bean curd.

Scott wasn't able to find rice cakes or bean curd in Nice, so he ordinarily ate local fruit and bread in his little hotel room. He was staying at The Mercure—clean but Spartan. Allen and Molina and most of the 25 other San Diego triathletes were at the Hotel Negresco, described by an American Express travel brochure as a “viva white wedding-cake palace . . . temple to Edwardian grandeur.”

One day Scott was exploring a dark, narrow street and found the only vegetarian restaurant in Nice, the Auberge In, where he ate on the eve of the race. The waitress spoke some English, so she understood when Scott said, “Your largest salad, please.” Then Scott began running his finger down the menu “I’ll have this.”

“I” he said, tentatively. The waitress nodded and moved toward the kitchen. “And this.” “She turned back toward him.” “And this, two of this and three of this.” She stopped writing, thinking herself the butt of a joke.

“No, really,” Scott assured her. “And I’ll have another salad, too.”

He had picked out words he recognized—*blini* and *gnoccoli*. He ordered two of each and then three of the “*Surprise Chaude—une galette de céréales et légumes*.” He had a fair idea of what *céréales et légumes* were. He also found himself with a large wedge of what looked like quiche, and a vegetarian burger. When he was served, the scene looked like a model of the solar system: Scott was the sun, and his plates were the planets.

He started eating at 7:15, and at 8:45, as he was finishing, the waitress came by with a large platter of what looked like cake.

“Is milk and cheese,” she said.

“Is that a dessert?” he asked.

“No, is from beginning.” So at 9 p.m.

Scott started from the beginning.

Twelve hours later, at 9 a.m., a classic triathlon swimming start was under way.

The Baie des Anges was the marine equivalent of rush hour on the Rue de la Paix, complete with tailgating, pileups and inadvertent scratching. Scott, by the halfway point, was third in a lead pack of four. One could see the distinctive, wide recovery of his left arm. Though he’s the world’s best triathlete, Scott accurately says, “My stroke is horrendous, but I’m competitive. I don’t care about leading out of the water, as long as I’m close to the front.”

The top three swimmers picked up their pace, but near the end Scott stopped swimming freestyle and began doing the less efficient back- and breast-strokes. He knows the freestyle flutter

kick, with the legs extended and the toes pointed, can cause the calves to tighten and cramp as the bicycle leg begins; the frog kick, feet flexed, tends to have the opposite effect. As Scott said earlier, “It loosens up the hip flexors and calf muscles, causing the feet to dorsiflex, the position they’re in when riding.” Most top-level triathletes know this, but few, other than Scott, ever do anything about it.

Molina completed the swim in 35:35, eight seconds ahead of Allen and 49 ahead of fourth-place Scott. England’s Mick Flaherty was third, but he would cease to be a factor in the bike leg. It’s impossible to be a world-class triathlete and be weak in any of the three disciplines. But versatility is no guarantee of success. Tactics and planning are just as vital. Kick too hard on the swim and your legs are slow to start on the bike. Gulp salt water and your stomach won’t work, on the bike or off. Don’t ride hard enough, and you’ll better be a five-minute miler. Ride too hard and you die on the run. Don’t drink enough on a hot day in a lengthy triathlon and you really die on the run. Ride carelessly or fail to check your bike out and you may not even get to the run. But those are just basic triathlon variables. At Nice, as the race progressed, there were others, some merely unique, some bizarre.

Now the leaders sat in the swim-bike transition area, practicing the new art of speed shoelace-tying. Allen led the little pack on to the Promenade des Anglais, which stretches about five miles along the Baie. He had a quarter-mile lead on Molina at the 14-mile point, the start of a bridge over the river Var; he was halfway across, following the car with the pace clock, when a policeman on a motorcycle pulled up next to him and shouted, “Turn around!”



Scott's not a mere triathlete; he's a quadruple threat, if you include eating.

(continued)

Smart advice from Volkswagen:

Don't
buy
a
car.

Triathlon continued

"You're going the wrong way." The cop was wrong. Allen knew that the course crossed the bridge and continued north to the village of Plan-du-Var, the start of 35 tortuous miles along the Gorges de la Vesubie and beyond. Finally, it would double back, recross the bridge and take a rugged nine-mile loop before returning to Nice. Now Allen was being told that the loop came first. Confused, he turned around at mid-bridge. Meanwhile, Molina, no less befuddled, had also been directed to reverse course at the bridge entrance. Suddenly, Allen was second, with Scott coming on strong, as usual.

Only two of 221 cyclists refused to turn—three-time Olympic cyclist and 1981 Ironman winner John Howard and George Yates, a triathlete from Corona del Mar, Calif. A friend of Allen's watched Howard and Yates streak alone through Plan-du-Var and was no less confused than Allen. He had waited for the swimming leaders to leave the water and then had sped ahead to watch them race through the gorge. So where were they? Howard and Yates were much slower swimmers than Molina, Allen and Scott. Could the two have passed them on the road? Howard is a superb cyclist, but he wasn't riding a motorbike. When 10

minutes had passed and no other cyclists came by, it seemed the only plausible explanation was that most of the world's best triathletes had crashed like a pile of pickup sticks. Certainly they couldn't have taken a wrong turn, not all of them. Allen's friend chased the leaders into the gorge.

But were they the leaders? Did merely being on the right course make Howard and Yates the frontrunners? Certainly Molina, Allen and Scott had covered more miles. Couldn't they just do the race backward? Howard, when told he was in the right, asked, "Will I be disqualified?" Were Molina, Allen and Scott going to be disqualified, along with virtually the entire field?

Allen caught Molina in Plan-du-Var. They had completed the nine-mile loop, and as they moved into the gorge, Howard and Yates were 10 minutes ahead of them and Scott was five to the rear. And all were in danger of becoming dehydrated.



This is as close as Buchanan got to a triumphant expression.

ed. There were too few aid stations, and the volunteers who manned them were ludicrously ill-equipped for the job. When the cyclists cried out for water, if they got anything at all it was a banana or a fossil-tasting European electrolyte drink that would cause problems later.

The Gorges de la Vesubie is the *pièce de résistance* of what may be the world's most spectacularly scenic triathlon bicycle course. Jagged, vertical walls keep much of it forever cool and shady; its ribbon of road is a lip at the edge of eternity, and the river beckons far below. But most of the bicycle racers, with the possible exception of Scott, seemed far too single-minded to dwell on scenery. Scott, laboring up a hill, seemed dreamy and sluggish. Two cyclists whizzed by, dropping him to fifth in the majority group. That was hardly surprising.

The summer just ending had been the most difficult of Scott's life. Achilles tendon trouble had kept him out of a June race, Molina had beaten him in July, and he had withdrawn from two other summer races. Personal troubles were laying him low, and there were days when he didn't even train. In fact, in the five days before he'd left for Nice, he'd reduced his training to almost nothing.

In retrospect, his year had been a mess from the start. In late January, returning from a frigid cycling workout, he'd skidded on, of all things, a pile of crushed ol-

continued



In the Riviera heat, competitors like Buchanan needed lots of water, which often wasn't to be had.

ives and hit the pavement hard, gashing his left elbow and badly bruising his right hip. He couldn't run for a month. Then one day while the hip was healing, he was time-trialing, moving along at 25 mph, head down, eyes on the white line at the road's edge. This time he hit a dead possum, went hurtling over his handlebars, opened the elbow wound again and wrenched the hip. He continued to run and ride, but it hurt.

Olive Pits and Dead Possums would

winds seem to be head winds. "My rhythms," Scott replied. "And lunch."

Much of the first 20 miles was through flat farmland. There was the pungent aroma of growing onions, but the almond and peach groves, though full of spring promise, were bare—a nearly perfect metaphor for Scott's life. The onions were his day-to-day existence, meager and spare. The almonds and peaches were pleasures deferred. They would blossom gloriously, as would the rewards

haling six oranges, Scott began sand-wiching whole bananas between brown-rice cakes. He downed five such combinations, between bites constructing a salad of sorts—four more bananas, sliced; six apples, sliced, and 10 ounces of low-fat cottage cheese. Rinsed, of course. While lovingly attending to all that, he reached into the refrigerator and came out with an unheard-of high-fat lapse—a large bowlful of an aromatic homemade puree of almond butter, onions, garlic,



This photographer cost Molina seconds, but dehydration slowed him more.



Scott, here with an official drink, soon resorted to handouts from onlookers.

make a perfect title for Scott's biography. Even by triathlon's strange standards, there's nothing typical about his life or his training regimen, which are practically one and the same. In both there's that strain of self-imposed stoicism. One morning in early January, two weeks before the olives incident, after completing a 10-mile run, he put on his bicycle shorts and shoes, a goose-down vest, a pair of Duegi insulated booties and headed out on his bike.

A friend had asked him earlier, "What do you think of out there?" after seeing Scott's cycling route, the lonely road heading west from Davis, where all

he'd reap—a cramp-free bicycle leg in June, a big win in August, a vital old age.

At mile 22 he reached the base of what he calls the Dam Hill and climbed it in 3½ minutes. Streaking down the other side, his head and shoulders tucked in, he reached 40 mph. The air temperature was 38°, and the wind hit his face at 25 mph. Minutes later, pumping into the wind up 1½-mile-long Cardiac Hill, Scott moaned, "I feel terrible. . . I wonder how many times I'll do this before the Ironman. . . It does give me an advantage. In Hawaii, most cyclists can't contend with the headwinds."

Back in his kitchen, after virtually in-

garbanzo beans and lemon juice. He began lading that onto whole wheat crackers and more rice cakes. When everything was gone, he said, "Now I have to earn a living."

After the first of his two Ironman titles, in 1980, Scott began designing training programs for budding triathletes. They phoned from all over the country, and he would talk to them for hours. Finally he began to charge for the service, anywhere from \$150 to \$275 for drawing up a one-year regimen. In '82 he completed 12 of them. He also stages day-long clinics—six last year—from which he takes home between \$300 and \$800.

continued

It'll last longer than a car.

Before you look at what car makers are building today, look at what they built a few years ago. Car makers introduce a new look, a new gadget, a new name. And all too soon—and sometimes not soon enough—they abandon them.

At Volkswagen, we're not in the car business. We build transportation. We start with our best thinking and then we improve on it.

Take the Rabbit. Since we introduced it in 1975, we've made some 15,000 improvements. And every one of them to make it work better and last longer.

Yet perhaps what's most telling is that when the Rabbit first appeared, there were over 40 new cars in its class. Today, only the Rabbit remains. Volkswagens get better. Cars get obsolete.

© 1983 Volkswagen of America

Volkswagen of America

The 1984 Rabbit



**It's not a car.
It's a Volkswagen.**



Triathlon continued

Scott also has four sponsors—Nike, which provides all of his athletic clothes and pays him a salary, with bonuses based on his competitive performance, Anheuser-Busch, Bell (helmets) and Peak Performance (vitamins), all of which pay him "a little money." His major competitors—Molina, Allen and Scott Tinley, the February 1982 Ironman winner—are sponsored by a San Diego outfit named JDavid (see box below).

No triathlete has yet made a living from prize money. Ironman, the sport's most prestigious competition, has never offered any, apparently on the theory that just taking part is reward aplenty. Top prizes at the \$15,000 Gulf Coast Triathlon in May were \$2,500. The 11 sprint races of the 1983 U.S. Triathlon Series had purses of only \$4,000, with \$1,000 to the winners. The U.S. Triathlon Series Championship race that took place two weeks ago near Yosemite Na-



Allen heads from the Buic toward his bike.

tional Park paid \$3,500 to each winner.

Last January in Davis, Scott, juggling his bank balance and his 1983 schedule, was doing six three-sport workouts a week—runs usually first, swims always last, because "running pounds your legs into the ground. If you do it after cycling, when you're fatigued, you become especially vulnerable to injuries. But the swimming, *aaah*, after all that pounding and pumping, it feels so good."

On the night of one of those January cycling ordeals, Scott rolled back the cover of the Civic Center pool, dove in and disappeared in a steamy cloud. His wayward left arm kept poking out, like the neck of a bottom-feeding swan, and he swam 4,850 yards. That's typical daily yardage for a world-class triathlete, but the arrangement of Scott's rest intervals was unusually demanding. Between each of the first five of seven 500s he paused for 30 seconds; the 500s grew faster, and

continued

Triathlon's Secret Sugar Daddy

The name is JDavid. It first appeared in connection with the triathlon on the front of Kathleen McCartney's racing singlet at the 1982 Ironman in Hawaii. Since then, what's officially known as Team JDavid/Hoover Racing has come to include five of the top six male triathletes and two of the five best women. Two-time Nice champion Mark Allen is on Team JDavid. So are Scott Molina, Scott and Jeff Tinley and three-time Olympic cyclist and 1980 Ironman champion John Howard. Among the biggest names, only Dave Scott is missing. McCartney and the woman who beat her in that '82 Ironman, Julie Leach, are the JDavid women.

But what is JDavid? It's a 6-year-old, privately held La Jolla, Calif. specialty investment securities company named after co-founder Jerry David Dominelli, a fiercely private 41-year-old former *Bache* broker whose forte is foreign exchange trading. The Hoover belongs to JDavid's other co-founder, former Del Mar, Calif. Mayor Nancy Hoover, who has lived with Dominelli's last four years and is considered a financial wizard in her own right. But despite JDavid's deliberately low profile, it has become perhaps the most influential force in triathlons today. Its sponsorship of leading athletes has allowed them to train under ideal circumstances and has solidified a potentially unstable sport.

Philanthropy is nothing new to JDavid—almost from its inception it has consistently and silently supported sports and arts in San Diego. It took on triathlons when JDavid executive Ted Palaski got the bug. He took up the sport himself (he has lost 33 pounds in two years), convinced Dominelli to sponsor McCartney and eventually passed the bug along



to Hoover's 20-year-old son, George, who finished fifth at Nice.

JDavid's support is more than a family affair. Team JDavid has 70 members. Half are investors who are among the top five triathletes in their various age groups, and the other half are the Allens, Molinas, McCartneys, Howards and Tanleys, who are treated as if they were Olympians in training. In addition to free clothes and equipment and all-expenses-paid trips to Nice and Hawaii for com-

petitions, they receive a stipend of about \$1,200 a month as well as help in buying \$1,500 racing bikes. They also get group training trips to places like Colorado. Most of Team JDavid will arrive in Hawaii 10 days before the Ironman, with an entourage including a team bike mechanic and a cook.

The next move apparently will be into television. "JDavid has a great deal of influence," says Barry Frank, senior corporate vice-president for Mark McCormack's International Management Group, the organization that produced the last two made-for-TV triathlons in Nice. "Networks believe you've got to have a Tinley, Allen or Molina to have an attractive event."

JDavid forced the cancellation of a CBS-IMC triathlon, which had been scheduled for this summer in Spain, when its team balked at running a marathon and the Nice run was shortened from 26.2 miles to the 18 miles preferred by triathletes when JDavid contributed \$25,000 to the \$75,000 prize money.

While JDavid's clout is most evident at the top of the sport, its influence is also felt at the grass-roots level. JDavid investors put up \$50,000 to launch *Triathlon* magazine, and JDavid funds have helped double circulation to 100,000 in only six months. This has brought new athletes into the sport, one reason races have increased from 200 to 1,000 in the last 12 months. So who cares if JDavid doesn't like to talk? Actions—and money—speak louder than words. —ARMEN KETEYIAN

It's more fun than a car.

A car reflects the driving conditions of where it is engineered: In Japan, highway traffic seldom exceeds 45 mph. In America, our speed limit is 55 mph. But in Germany, the Autobahns have no speed limits. And the country roads have challenging S-curves and hairpin turns. Driving is fun. And the favorite high-performance choice is more than a car. It's a Volkswagen GTI.

Here's why: 0-50 mph in 7.2 seconds. Standing quarter-mile: 17.9 sec at 80 mph. Top speed: 108 mph. Lateral acceleration: 0.78g. Slalom speed: 61.3 mph. Braking: 60 mph to 0 in only 3.5 seconds.

When it comes to this kind of fun, nobody's more serious than the Germans.

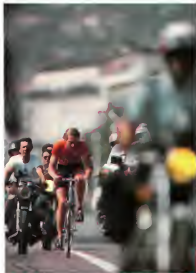
The 1984 GTI \$8,350.*



It's not a car.

It's a Volkswagen.

*MSRP. Excludes destination charge, tax, title, license, dealer prep and options. © 1983 Volkswagen of America.



first two years at Davis High, and basketball for four years—"until I realized that I should stay in the water." He swam for four years at the University of California at Davis, but his best sport there was water polo. In his junior and senior years he was named to the All-America team.

From 1974 to 1981 Scott coached the Davis Aquatic Masters Swim Club, and in 1976 he got his bachelor's degree in physical education from Davis. He might have settled in for a lengthy coaching career were it not for a remark by a Navy man named John Collins.

Collins made his statement in a bar on Oahu in late 1977. A good-natured argument was in

progress: "Who are the fittest athletes—swimmers, cyclists or runners?" Each group had its own favorite local race—the 2.4-mile Waikiki Rough Water Swim, the 112-mile Around Oahu Bike Race and the Honolulu Marathon. Collins piped up, "Why don't we put them all together?" And the Hawaiian Ironman was born. So, for all intents and purposes, was the triathlon.

Scott had at the time been running 40 miles a week, swimming 24 and training with weights—"I enjoyed being aerobically fit, even then," he recalls—and wondering what to do with it all. When he read Barry McDermott's article about the second Ironman in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (May 14, 1979) he gradually added 250 miles a week of cycling, and in January of 1980 he turned the third Ironman into a two-division race—Scott, with a time of 9:24:33, and 107 other entrants, the first of whom finished in 10:24:41. It was the first nationally televised triathlon. ABC-TV's *Wide World of Sports* filmed it, despite Collins' warning that "there's no way you can make this interesting." He was wrong, of course, and that ABC telecast played the initial role in popularizing the sport.

Allen was strong through the cycling and held on for most of the marathon, but slowed down with 1½ miles to go.



between the sixth and seventh, though he had grown progressively more fatigued, he only paused for 15 seconds. "Most people don't do rest intervals that way," he said. "It's for added stress." So goes his season. The 500s get faster, and the rests get shorter, sometimes down to five seconds with a big race coming up.

His endurance work done, Scott was still in the pool, but now on his back, head up, rear end way down, his feet in the air. He was "breaststroking"—feet first. Then he was dolphin kicking, as in the butterfly stroke. Still on his back. Another swimmer tried to mimic him and gave up, groaning. Scott chuckled. "Those exercises really work the midsection, don't they?" he said. "I invented them."

Scott started swimming at the ripe old competitive age of seven, and he continued in age-group competition until he was 17. Almost from the start his freestyle form featured that "horrendous" stroke. "I never felt swimming was my forte," he says. "I'm not very buoyant or flexible. I don't have a good kinesthetic sense." He played tight end and flankerback in his

The two passing cyclists jarred Scott from his lethargy. He caught up and rode with them for 17 miles, out of the gorge to St. Jean In Rivière, where some of the day's most brutal climbing began. It lasted three miles, which was enough. Then the road began to fall, down steep mountainsides more suited to burros than to bicycles. Scott wasn't riding at his best, but at Aspremont he recaptured his position behind Allen and Molina, who at one point had been nearly 10 minutes ahead of him. They still hadn't passed Howard and Yates, who maintained a lead that probably wasn't a lead. All the cyclists were vainly seeking water. Some got the electrolyte drink, others sped toward the aid tables, right arms extended for what should have been obvious reasons. The volunteers smiled and waved.

Scott had drawn no closer to the leaders: Cycling back along the promenade, he passed within inches of Allen, starting his run after three hours and 23 minutes on his bike. At 1 p.m. it was 88°, and the air was like transparent steam. Allen was running smoothly and feeling fine, but he needed water. Molina, 33 seconds behind

continued



PLAYERS GO PLACES

Meet Players.

Regular and Menthol
Kings and 100's.



Kings: 12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 14 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

Triathlon *continued*

him and dehydrated, was "going down the tubes," as he put it later. He barely made it the three miles to the first aid station, where he set up housekeeping for a few minutes, eating bananas and gulping water. There was no shortage of that at the running aid stations; unfortunately, there was a woeful shortage of stations—only eight in 18 miles.

Four miles out, just past the Nice airport, where the running course turned north along the Var, Scott trailed Allen by 9½ minutes, Molina by seven. He

triathelete at his best. He ran his 12th mile in six minutes, and someone shouted, "Nine minutes back," referring to Scott. But it was then, when Allen's victory seemed certain, that a strange, vacant expression began to come over his face. Normally the most self-possessed of young men, he was trying to acknowledge the presence of roadside well-wishers, but seemed unable to find them; his eyes wouldn't focus. By the time he reached the airport again, the spring was gone from his leg muscles. On the prome-

up ahead. He hadn't known, five miles back, that Allen was breaking down. "Would it have made any difference if you had?" he was asked, after Allen had beaten him to the finish line by three minutes and 24 seconds, with a winning time of 6:04:51. "Maybe," he said. "But it's Mark's day," and he turned to embrace his former girl friend, Linda Buchanan, who had won the women's race in 7:06:03.

Allen lay on a massage bench, drinking orange juice and cold water. Molina, third with a time of 6:11:27, was on the next table, gobbling M&M's bars. One friend massaged Allen's blistered feet, a second held an ice bag to his knee and a third wiped his brow. Light-headed, he was not responding to questions. An American doctor turned to a French race official and said, "Do you have any IV solution we can put in his veins?"

The official offered him a jar of Vaseline.

When Allen could talk about his finish he said, "There's no reason for me to fall apart like that in a six-hour race. I do workouts that are longer. It must have been the electrolyte. Dave said that if the electrolyte is improperly mixed, it draws water into your gastrointestinal tract to dilute the sugar in the drink. That produces faster dehydration, and ultimately you can crash."

He was asked about Scott, how it felt to finally beat him. "I kept thinking about the Florida race," Allen said. "Could that be happening again?" I knew Dave was behind me. I figured he would pass me any second. When he's in a race, unless you're on the finish line, you can never count him out. I want to improve, and to do so I need a goal. I might as well go after the best, and Dave's the best there is."

The winner's reception was held the next morning. Upon being presented with his check for \$10,000, Allen said, "I may have had the fastest time out there yesterday, but I think everyone who completed that course is a champion."

It is an oft-repeated sentiment these days, heard at every sort of endurance event, but it seemed to have a special relevance on this day. Triathletes are truly pioneers of sport. Every race they enter is a journey into the unknown, and that was never more true than in Nice on a torrid September Saturday in 1983.

passed Molina less than four miles later, in part because Molina had slowed. Scott's level of energy was inconsistent, like a fine car whose ignition is skipping. Full of water from one of the infrequent aid stations, he would surge ahead. But soon he would be laboring again, upper arms barely moving. At the turnaround, nine miles into the run, a promised aid station was nowhere in sight. Scott headed back, crestfallen. He called to a stranger, "I need an orange, and some water. Bad!" He accepted a bottle of water from a man on a bicycle; that was against the rules, but everyone was doing it.

Allen was still looking strong, a superb

nade, where admirers urged him on, calling out "Merveilleux!" and "Formidable!" he began to stumble. Suddenly, 1½ miles from the finish line, he fell to his knees. He rose and continued forward but looked like a race-walker in slow motion, his style exaggerated, his arms extended wildly for balance. TV commentator Frank Shorter, by his side and walking backward, called to him, "Don't run. Walk. No one else is in sight."

Not quite true. Less than a mile back, nearly lost among runners who were just starting out, a little dot was breasting the tide. It was Scott.

He didn't know what was happening

Fit For Life.

New DP Gympac™ fits you up fast and efficiently in your own home with over fifty professional exercises. With DP Gympac you can tone up, slim down, add weight or take it off and build overall strength and stamina. You can even develop specific muscle groups to become more proficient in

your favorite sport. The DP Gympac is amazingly versatile and compact. It stores in one square foot of space. Best of all, it costs less than most spa memberships but provides a lifetime of fitness pleasure in the comfort of your own home. DP Gympac. At leading sporting goods outlets,

For Free Illustrated Booklet and Instruction
 Cards on DP Gympac clip and mail to:
 Diversified Products, P.O. Box 100, Opelika, AL
 36862 Dept. 1 S110103

Name
 Address
 City State Zip

Diversified Products
 309 Whangam Bay
 SPMAL AL 36862

DP
 Fit for Life



First Person

by GILES TIPPETTE

AN AGING JOCK TAKES A LAST FLING AT STARDOM ON A PAR-688 GOLF COURSE

Perhaps it comes to all men, or perhaps just to middle-aged former athletes. I'm talking about the Just One More Time Syndrome: Score one more touchdown, ride one more bull, but one more home run.

But when you're 45 and your waist measurement has just passed your expanded chest measurement, then Just One More Time aren't that easy to find.

I live in the little West Texas town of Mason (pop. 2,153) and because we don't have a golf course, it has become my habit to drive over to Brady, 28 miles to the north, to play on the course there. Another of my habits is stopping over at Bill O'Banion's drug store each and every morning to sit around and visit.

One day he said, "Hospital fund drive coming up."

I said, "By all means put me down for a generous contribution."

Bill said, "Had this idea that might raise a little extra money for the hospital. I thought we'd alternate our shots and hit a golf ball from the Mason courthouse to the hole on the 9th green of the Brady golf course. We'd get somebody to establish par, and then we'd get folks to contribute, per stroke, as to how many strokes we'd finish under par."

I said, innocently, "When y'all planning on doing this?"

Bill looked at me and said, "The date for this event is June 11. And their ain't no y'all to it. It's we."

"We?"

"We, as in you and me."

Bill is master of ceremonies at the annual Mason County Chamber of Commerce banquet, and he occasionally gets off a good one. But I thought that this one was his best. "Sorry, partner, but I can't do it," I said. "Ain't no motels between here and Brady."

He said, "We're not going to walk. Nobody would expect that. We'll figure

out some kind of golf cart to ride."

"That aside," I said, "over at Brady, when I shoot my average 90 I'm exhausted when I finish. And out of that 90 only about 50 are hard swinging strokes. The rest are putts and chip shots. At best, even alternating shots as you suggest, I will be hitting the ball at least 300 times before we make our way to Brady. And all of them will be hard swinging shots."

He said, "It'll be all right. Just don't worry."

I said, "Bill, we're talking about high weeds along the right of way. We're talking fatigue. We're talking postures with cows and bulls. We're talking hills that go up and down. We're talking about me swinging a golf club roughly 300 times."

That was in May when it was still cool, and June 11 was a long way off, so finally I said, "Well, what can it hurt?"

I found out later that it could hurt your arms and your shoulders and your feet

had been determined at 688 strokes. I don't know where that number came from. All I knew was that I was afraid of three things: the plate glass windows getting out of Mason, staying alive down the highway and the plate glass windows as we played through Brady.

Bill got us safely past the Commercial Bank's huge windows with his first swing, a beautiful seven-iron shot. But then it was my turn, and I hit a sort of dribbling fade shot that ended up in the yard of Country Collectibles. That's an outfit that specializes in old wagons and old farm machinery that, for whatever reason, people from Houston and Dallas and San Antonio like to put in their front yards.

I left Bill a lie under a horse-drawn hay rake. From there he put it into the service bay of the Chevron station. It took us six strokes to get out of there.

From then on things got worse.

Bill put one across the street and under a truck at Eckert Equipment Company. I got down on my belly to try to swipe the ball out from under that truck so we wouldn't have to take a penalty shot. Half the people of Mason were still following us, and I was lying there thinking that none of the townspeople knew that I had once held the Interscholastic League record for the 180-yard low hurdles or that I had had a tryout with the St. Louis Cardinals

or had played college football or had made my living riding bulls on the RCA circuit for a year. I turned the putter on its side and swiped the ball 15 yards.

Bill's next shot got us out of plate glass territory at last, and we were approaching the blinking light at the edge of town when I unfortunately knocked a four-iron into the cemetery. That left Bill with a near impossible shot from behind a tombstone. By the time we got the ball headed back in the direction of Brady, we were at the foot of Mason Mountain, and we were six strokes over the pace I felt we should have maintained coming out of town.

At this point we actually ended up with a good lie on a small triangular island where a farm road intersects the



and your hands and even parts of the body you didn't know you owned. But at the time I actually went away chuckling because it looked as if I'd found my One More Time.

But then the local papers started running stories, and the radio station in Brady wanted to follow us tee to green. And there was a TV station out of San Angelo covering the event. But worst of all was the Associated Press putting the story on its sports wire, and the item being picked up all over the country. Sure I wanted my Just One More Time, but I didn't want to do it in front of a packed house.

June 11 and Texas summer arrived at the same time. We were to tee off from the courthouse square at 10 a.m. By 9:30 the temperature was 96 and rising. Par

continued

highway. The only trouble was that the hail had come to rest up against a SLOW sign.

The mayor of Mason, Willard Aubrey Jr., was our official course judge. We called him over for a ruling, expecting a free drop. He said no. Bill pounded the sign in frustration, saying, "This is a man-made obstacle, and we deserve a free drop."

Willard still said no. We'd thought the man was corruptible, and here of all places we find that that wasn't so.

We call it Mason Mountain, but a Coloradoan on viewing it would be laughing because it rises no more than 1,000 feet above the surrounding terrain. But they have never tried to hit a golf ball up it.

Bill, using a five-iron, made a beautiful shot straight up the middle that hit the pavement of the road and bounced up Mason Mountain and bounced and then rolled and rolled and rolled until it came to a stop. After that it started rolling backward, and it kept on rolling until it was 100 yards behind where Bill had hit it. After that we had no choice but to keep the ball in the high grass beside the highway. So we hacked our way up that five miles of mountain, sometimes getting 100 yards out of a shot, more often having to settle for less. When we finally got to the top of the mountain I estimated that we were 26 strokes over the pace we would need to make par, with a long way to go.

And then it began to rain.

We had an extensive entourage in addition to all the spectators' cars that were following us from Mason. We had the EMS ambulance with Dr. Jim Pettit in attendance as the course physician; we had the Mason policeman, Jack Boning, who'd been empowered by the Texas Department of Public Safety to hold up traffic; we had an official balladeer; we had fore and aft trucks with large signs warning the passing public to use caution because a golfathon was in progress. But most important we had Brock Grosse and his team. Brock was our road manager, our transportation secretary, our caddy-master. He had rigged up a trailer behind his three-wheeled motorcycle with a sort of couch for Bill and me to ride in between shots.

Brock's team included two of his motorcycle protégés who were acting as our fore caddies. Once the ball went into the high grass on either side of the road we would have had no chance of finding it except for those fore caddies. And every

continued

The bald eagle is in danger of extinction. For a free booklet on how to help stop this living symbol of our country, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, NY 10151 © 1992



Eagle Rare Bourbon. A higher level of taste.

No bird in America soars as high as the eagle. And no bourbon reaches the taste level of Eagle Rare 101 proof Bourbon. A taste so mellow, yet so distinctive, that it can only be achieved after ten full years of careful aging.

Indulge in the finest Kentucky Bourbon ever created. One sip will tell you why it's expensive.



Eagle Rare Bourbon.
The 101 proof bourbon aged 10 years.

PHOTO: TURA INC.

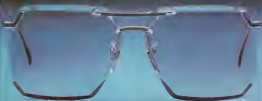


TURA MODEL 186 453420R

TURA INTRODUCES FACETED FOR MEN

For every man who wears glasses. Hand-beveled lenses suspended in a rimless frame, accented with enamel. From the Tura collection. Wherever fine eyewear is available.

Tura



TURA MODEL 186 TRAFREZZED



7-Footer. High and dry for those who sky.

7-Footers are for big guys who like tall, over-the-calf socks. True ribbed tops mean they stay up no matter how hot the action gets. And Hi-Bulk Odor[®] Acrylic actually removes perspiration away from your feet. You'll stay high and dry in 7-Footers. At better sporting goods retailers. Wigwam Mills, Inc., Sheboygan, WI 53081. In Canada: Hanson-Mohawk, Inc., Prov. of Quebec.

If feet talked, they'd ask for Wigwams.

Wigwam

FIRST PERSON *continued*

lost ball meant another stroke penalty.

It rained for almost an hour, and everyone took cover except Bill and me and Brooke and his charges. The rain was a relief from the heat, which had reached almost 100° but it was very detrimental in another way. Our golf gloves got wet, as did the grips of our clubs. It was difficult enough to keep the club head square to the ball as we hit out of the foot-to-two-foot-high grass; it was quite another matter with the club turning in your hand. At one point I hit a shot that went right at a little better than a 90-degree angle. I wouldn't have thought such a thing was possible.

Our course rules were that anything between the barbed-wire fences on either side of the road was fairway and we were playing winter rules, improving our lie a club's length from wherever we lay. The only problem was that there was usually no better lie around.

Over the fence was considered in the rough, and the ball had to be played as it lay, with the exception that we could take a drop and a one-stroke penalty.

Thus we were in the rough when we hit one in the midst of a herd of cows.

Now, in West Texas, and possibly elsewhere, the ranchers drive out in their pickups with a load of feed in the back and blow their horns, and the cattle come running to get fed. Bill and I climbed over the fence, and there came the cattle, absolutely convinced we'd come to feed them. They were crowding around us, shoving up against us, bawling and mooing and stepping on the golf ball.

I said, "Bill, get these damn cattle out of here. It's my shot, and I can't hit a golf ball with a heifer in my back pocket."

He said, "You move 'em. You're the cowboy."

I said, "I was a rodeo cowboy. You're a pharmacist. You move them."

I guess that's when I realized I was getting plenty tired. Bill gave me a strange look and said, "Why should a druggist know anything about cattle?"

Finally, our policeman jumped the fence and fired his revolver in the air a couple of times. The cattle departed.

But they'd managed to bury the ball in the rain-soaked ground to the point where it was barely visible. The mayor calmly gave us a ruling. "This is rough. Play it as it is or take a stroke penalty," he said.

Bill said, "Say whaaaat! Where in the PGA or the USGA rules does it talk

continued

Sports Illustrated POSTERS SUPERSTARS IN ACTION

BIG 2'x3' WALL POSTERS IN FULL COLOR.

PICK YOUR FAVORITES
HERE. **SAVE** WHEN
YOU ORDER 3 OR MORE.

Exciting photographs of your favorite sports stars, these posters make great wall decorations. They are shipped rolled in special crush-proof tubes. And they're even bigger bargains when you order three or more.

Tony Dorsett



FOOTBALL

- ☐ 4202 NFL Superstars
- ☐ 4250 Roland Harper
- ☐ 4285 Walter Payton
- ☐ 4291 Ken Anderson
- ☐ 4235 Gus Carlisleworth
- ☐ 4237 Joe Ferguson
- ☐ 4266 Reggie McKenzie
- ☐ 4246 Randy Gradishar
- ☐ 4273 Craig Morton
- ☐ 4226 Mike Pruitt
- ☐ 4241 Brian Sipe
- ☐ 4205 Lee Ray Selmon
- ☐ 4245 D. J. Anderson
- ☐ 4275 Dan Dierdorf
- ☐ 4276 Jim Hart
- ☐ 4208 Dan Fouts
- ☐ 4233 Kevin Mawhood
- ☐ 4281 Tony Dorsett
- ☐ 4278 Harvey Martin
- ☐ 4283 Roger Staubach
- ☐ 4262 Charlie Waters
- ☐ 4263 Randy White
- ☐ 4270 Ron Jaworski
- ☐ 4268 Steve Bartkowski
- ☐ 4248 Wallace Francis
- ☐ 4234 Joe Montana
- ☐ 4225 Dwight Clark
- ☐ 4244 Phil Simms
- ☐ 4230 Rob Carpenter
- ☐ 4224 Lawrence Taylor
- ☐ 4227 Richard Todd
- ☐ 4229 Mark Gastineau
- ☐ 4271 Wesley Walker
- ☐ 4257 Garry Danderson
- ☐ 4223 Eric Hogg
- ☐ 4250 Robert Strazle
- ☐ 4253 Ken Bannough
- ☐ 4277 Earl Campbell
- ☐ 4296 Steve Grogan
- ☐ 4279 Ray Guy
- ☐ 4222 Marcus Allen
- ☐ 4235 Vince Ferragamo
- ☐ 4280 Pat Haden
- ☐ 4295 Jack Youngblood
- ☐ 4264 Joe Theismann
- ☐ 4232 George Rogers
- ☐ 4267 Jim Zorn
- ☐ 4299 Terry Bradshaw
- ☐ 4242 Joe Greene
- ☐ 4259 Jack Ham
- ☐ 4288 Franco Harris
- ☐ 4264 Jack Lambert
- ☐ 4231 Tommy Kramer

BASKETBALL

- ☐ 4500 Baseball Superstars
- ☐ 4548 Carney Landon
- ☐ 4561 Rod Carew
- ☐ 4567 Reggie Jackson
- ☐ 4543 Bob Horner
- ☐ 4544 Dale Murphy
- ☐ 4545 Paul Molitor
- ☐ 4551 Gorman Thomas
- ☐ 4554 Robin Yount
- ☐ 4537 Keith Hernandez

- ☐ 4562 Darrell Porter
- ☐ 4517 Bruce Sutter
- ☐ 4517 Bill Buckner
- ☐ 4558 Mike Marshall
- ☐ 4556 Steve Sax
- ☐ 4553 Gary Carter
- ☐ 4531 Jack Clark
- ☐ 4545 Joe Charbonneau
- ☐ 4516 Tom Seaver
- ☐ 4561 Mookie Wilson
- ☐ 4518 Eddie Murray
- ☐ 4550 Jim Palmer
- ☐ 4509 Steve Garvey
- ☐ 4506 Steve Carlton
- ☐ 4524 Gary Maddox
- ☐ 4547 Gary Matthews
- ☐ 4512 Pete Rose
- ☐ 4518 Mike Schmidt
- ☐ 4514 Dave Parker
- ☐ 4532 Willie Stargell
- ☐ 4542 Buddy Bell
- ☐ 4536 Jim Sundberg
- ☐ 4523 Johnny Bench
- ☐ 4528 Jim Rice
- ☐ 4555 Jerry Remy
- ☐ 4527 Willie Wilson
- ☐ 4521 George Brett
- ☐ 4532 Mark Gibson
- ☐ 4541 Rick Cerone
- ☐ 4528 Ron Caudry
- ☐ 4535 Roy Smalley
- ☐ 4534 Steve Niekirk
- ☐ 4525 Craig Nettles
- ☐ 4522 Willie Randolph

- ☐ 4422 Superstar Montage
- ☐ 4425 Marques Johnson
- ☐ 4444 Frank Johnson
- ☐ 4415 Austin Carr
- ☐ 4431 Larry Bird
- ☐ 4443 Rick Riley
- ☐ 4402 Bill Walton
- ☐ 4447 Dominique Wilkins
- ☐ 4437 Darrell Griffith
- ☐ 4424 Marvin Webster
- ☐ 4434 Magic Johnson
- ☐ 4418 Jamaal Wilkes
- ☐ 4445 Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

- ☐ 4440 Mark Aguirre
- ☐ 4442 Buck Williams
- ☐ 4430 Darryl Dawkins
- ☐ 4439 Isiah Thomas
- ☐ 4411 Julius Erving
- ☐ 4429 Moses Malone
- ☐ 4431 Jack Sikma
- ☐ 4441 Gus Williams
- ☐ 4420 George Gervin
- ☐ 4438 Artis Gilmore
- ☐ 4410 Alvin Adams
- ☐ 4432 Dennis Johnson
- ☐ 4427 Mychal Thompson

TENNIS

- ☐ 4114 John McEnroe
- ☐ 4101 Bjorn Borg
- ☐ 4100 Jimmy Connors
- ☐ 4102 Ilie Nastase
- ☐ 4110 Vitas Gerulaitis
- ☐ 4112 Guillermo Vilas
- ☐ 4115 Martina Navratilova
- ☐ 4108 Rose Casals
- ☐ 4113 Virginia Wade
- ☐ 4111 Billie Jean King
- ☐ 4106 Evonne Cuyachong

BOWLING

- ☐ 5601 Sugar Ray Leonard

HOCKEY

- ☐ 7205 Wayne Gretzky
- ☐ U.S. SKI TEAM
- ☐ 5201 Cindy Nelson
- ☐ 5204 Christen Cooper
- ☐ 5205 Bill Koch
- ☐ 5208 Phil Mahre
- ☐ 5209 Steve Mahre

GOLF

- ☐ 4601 Hale Irwin
- ☐ 4602 Laura Baugh
- ☐ 4603 Jim Stephenson
- ☐ 4604 Nancy Lopez

BWLING

- ☐ 2106 Tommy Hudson
- ☐ 2101 Dick Weber
- ☐ 2102 Earl Anthony
- ☐ 2103 Mark Roth
- ☐ 2104 Virginia Reme
- ☐ 8014 8015 8016
- ☐ 8021 Ty Youngs

If ordering with VISA or MasterCard
CALL TOLL FREE
Business hours: 8:30-5:30 Central Time
1-800-325-3313

(Missouri: (314) 343-8000)

Make your selections from the list, then (Visa or MasterCard orders) call to place your order. Each poster is just \$3.95—or a money-saving 3 for \$10 (only \$3 for each additional poster thereafter)—plus \$1 per order for postage and handling. Missouri residents pay 4.5% sales tax.

Or send your check or money order to:

Sports Illustrated

6 Market Street
Lockbox 2297, Hampton Bank,
4301 Hampton Ave., St. Louis, MO 63109

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery
(Sorry, no foreign orders accepted.)
Distributor and dealer inquiries welcome.
Sports Illustrated is a trademark of Time Inc.

INNOVATION AT WORK



THE AMAZING MID-ENGINE FIERO IS HERE!

Fiero is all-new, from its innovative design to the way it's built.

Fiero is America's first and only mid-engine production car. It cuts cleanly through the wind with an aerodynamically-crafted body. It handles curve and straightaway alike with enthusiasm. Indeed, you'll find yourself taking the long way home every day.

Fiero begins as a rigid steel space frame that's strong, yet lightweight. And it's equipped for the business of serious driving. With rock and pinion steering. A fully independent

suspension. Four-wheel disc brakes. And a gutsy 2.5 liter, 4-cylinder engine with electronic fuel injection.

Even Fiero's beautiful body is different. Mode of Enduroflex,[™] it "gives" on minor impacts and will never rust.

Fiero means literally the proud one. And we're proud of Fiero. The way it's built, the way it works and the way it helps you live within your budget.*

The extraordinary new Pontiac Fiero. Like no other car in the world. And the only place in the world you can get one is at your Pontiac dealer.

PONTIAC  WE BUILD EXCITEMENT



*Pontiac Fiero Sport Coupe with available automatic transmission offers an EPA EST. MPG of 27 and a highway estimate of 40. Use estimated MPG for comparisons. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Pontiacs are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Pontiac dealer for details.

GM

THE 1984 WINTER-SPORTS PIN COLLECTION. FREE, FROM KODAK.

Get One Pin Free By Mail With
Proofs Of Purchase From 2 Packs Of
Any Instant Color Film From Kodak.



Now, when you buy our instant film, you'll get some gold, too. A handsome winter-sports pin, brightly enameled and trimmed with 22-karat-gold electroplate.

Just buy 2 single packs or 1 Take Two-Pak of ANY instant color film from Kodak, including the new, exciting KODAMATIC™

TRIMPRINT™ Instant Color Film. Send end flaps and order form, and Kodak will send you the commemorative pin of your choice. See your participating dealer for details.

And capture the gold, instantly.

©Eastman Kodak Company 1983



FIRST PERSON continued

about cows stepping on a golf ball?"

The mayor was unmoved, and we took the one-stroke penalty.

By now we were gaining on par, and I figured we were just about even. But we wanted to be as many strokes under as we could. And time was becoming a problem. To get to the golf course in Brady we were going to have to go directly through town, turn left at the courthouse and go another three miles out Highway 87 to the golf course.

To do that we required the cooperation of the officials and the police of Brady because traffic on the highway is extremely heavy. I had arranged in advance with the city manager of Brady, Steve Nordholt, for police to have the traffic held up as we hit through. Otherwise we would be reduced to rolling 20- and 30-foot punts along the side of the road and there would go our chance to break par and make money for the hospital. I'd naively told Nordholt we would hit the outskirts of Brady by 3 p.m., and he'd said he'd have the police meet us at the city limits.

At three o'clock we were 15 miles from Brady. And then came the snake.

I was seriously tired. I went stumbling down the bank off the highway toward where one of our fore caddies had indicated the ball was. I suddenly heard that dry whir. I did not pause. I immediately executed a 180-degree turn and quit the area. There are several things I am more afraid of than a rattlesnake, but I forget what they are. I immediately went to the ambulance and started taking oxygen, while Jack Boring went down and killed it with a shotgun. The corpse was removed and Bill took the next shot.

By the time we were five miles out of Brady I figured we were 50 strokes under, but we still had the downtown to negotiate, and I didn't know if we were going to get the police escort or not. We were so late that, so far as I knew, the cops had all gone to supper.

I wanted to quit. And even my superhuman partner was starting to leave the ball out to the right. I tried to tell him he was going to have to set up more to the left because he was so tired he wasn't getting through on the ball, but he denied it.

We went forward, but I was just going through the motions, hacking at the ball, hoping to move it forward a few yards so that Bill could then take us a couple of hundred yards farther. Dr. Pettit came over and asked if I was all right.

"Yeah," I said.

"Why don't you come over and rest in the ambulance for a time. Let Bill hit it for a while. It's awfully hot," he said.

I said, "After one or two more shots."

But I didn't rest, and soon we were at the outskirts of Brady. The police were still there to help us get through. At that point we were 70 strokes under the pace for par.

A strange thing began to happen. The streets weren't exactly lined, but there were people waiting for us. And folks who had been following our progress over the radio were driving out to meet us, blowing their horns.

I don't know whether it was adrenaline or pride or some strange hormone, but my tiredness seemed to melt away. All of a sudden I realized that this was really and truly my Just One More Time.

We were using Bill's "chipper," a heavy, weighted club faced like a five-iron. And I was slugging it. Disregarding the plate glass factor, I was hitting the best shots I'd hit all day, straight down the street, carrying better than 100 yards and then rolling some 50 or 60 more.

And Bill and I were out in front of the "cart," jogging down the street. We got to the courthouse square in about five shots and then took that left turn toward the golf course. He hit and I hit and he hit again, and then I hit a four-iron about 200 yards. We were within 150 yards of the 9th hole of the Brady golf course when Bill lifted a beautiful nine-iron shot that settled about 10 feet off the green.

The green was ringed with onlookers, maybe 200 or 300 of them. I had never hit a golf ball in front of that many people. My chip up onto the green was miserable. I left Bill a 40-foot putt. He lagged and left the ball three feet from the cup.

A knee-knocker. A belly-burner. As I walked across that green toward the ball I said to myself, "For once, don't choke."

I walked up and knocked the ball dead in the center of the cup. Then I stepped across and shook hands with Bill.

They tell me Bill and I did some interviews after that. They tell me there was a celebration. They tell me we shook hands with a lot of well-wishers. They tell me we went to dinner. I don't know. It became a blur after that part went in the hole. All I knew were three things:

We'd come in 108 strokes under par.

We'd raised \$5,500 for the hospital.

And I'd accomplished my Just One More Time.

END



Everybody starts at the bottom.

Real winning comes in not staying there. In United States Diving, young people learn that it's okay to be afraid, that there's no shame in failing. And as they learn to dazzle the air and knife the water, they learn something much more important. That the most soaring triumphs are in simply trying again.



Phillips Petroleum has sponsored United States Swimming for eleven years, and United States Diving for five, helping with operating costs of national and international competitions, leading to world championships. We continue to support them. Because their ideals touch the lives of everyone.

Why **Sports Illustrated** subscribers keep coming back...



Photo by Mike Peltz, NY

From SI—March 3, 1980

For millions of people, their single lasting image of the Lake Placid Games will be the infectious joy displayed by the U.S. hockey team following its 4-3 win over the Soviet Union last Friday night. It was an Olympian moment, the kind the creators of the Games must have had in mind, one that said: Here is something that is bigger than any of you. It was bizarre, it was beautiful. The American players—in pairs rather than in one great glop—hugged and danced and rolled on one another.

...said Mark Johnson, who had scored two of the U.S. goals. "I couldn't believe it. I still can't believe it. We beat the Russians." —E.M. Snij, SI—March 1, 1980

Incredible photography. You-are-there writing. Renew your subscription now and reserve yourself the best seat in the house.

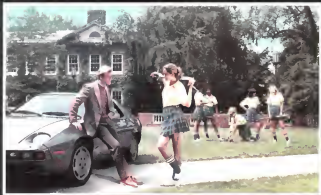
I SHOULD'VE VOTED.

You know that's what you're going to say
if your candidate doesn't win.

A Public Service of the National Association of Secretaries of State,
and the Advertising Council



THE BARCLAY LIFESTYLE



Main Streets

Main Streets are designed for today's lifestyle. Casual, relaxed, easy. With the look of confidence. Dress-Casual shoes, in a variety of styles, for this fall's colors and textures. Made right in America, and priced at under thirty-five dollars.



BARCLAY

Branded Footwear Division of Endicott Johnson

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 26-Oct. 2

Compiled by ROGER JACKSON

BOXING—FRANK CEFDESO won the WBC flyweight championship with a sixth-round technical knockout of Charlie Magin in Wembley, England.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL Green Bay recovered from an embarrassing 27-1 Monday-night loss to the Giants to bury visiting Tampa Bay 55-14. Quarterback Brett Favre threw 99 yards with a game-renewing 60-yard touchdown pass to Mike Douglas. Douglas rambled 35 yards with a Jack Thompson fumble for another score, and Lynn Dickey threw a 75-yard TD pass to Jesse Clark to highlight Green Bay's NFL-record 49-point first half. Dallas came out a 24-13 halftime deficit to defeat the Vikings 37-24, and remain undefeated. Cowboy cornerback Mark Ruffin was intercepted an interception 58 yards for a touchdown to give Dallas a 27-24 lead late in the third quarter, and then Donnie Ware hit Dave Pearson with an 11-yard TD pass with 8:55 left in the game to seal the victory. Ron Jaworski's 53-yard TD pass to Mike Quick with 1:45 to play gave Philadelphia a 28-24 victory over Atlanta. Chicago whipped Denver 31-14 as the Bear defense sacked Denver quarterback John Elway and Steve Deberg ten times. Wade Revere's Willie Gault, Chicago's rookie sensation, caught touchdown passes of 15 and 32 yards to run his season's total to six. Running back Bruce Smith was 26-38 over Cincinnati despite glimmering performances from Bengal quarterback Ken Anderson, who completed 21 of 31 passes for 320 yards and three TDs, and Wide Receiver Eric Cook, who had eight receptions for a team-record 206 yards and his first touchdown of the season. Receiver Curt Warner had a pair of one-yard scoring runs, and Defensive End Jacob Green returned an interception 75 yards for a TD in Seattle's 24-9 win at Cleveland, which stopped a three-game losing streak. Baltimore's Ray Lewis dropped in fifth consecutive game, 17-10 to Pittsburgh, as Steelers quarterback Cliff Stoudt found Walter Abernethy for a 51-yard scoring pass with 10:52 to play and Pittsburgh's Gary Anderson kicked an 18-yard field goal with 4:50 left. New Orleans limited Miami to just 294 yards total offense in its 17-7 victory of the Dolphins. Saints Running Back Wayne Wilson, subbing for the injured George Rogers, ran for 160 yards on 34 carries. Thirteen of his rushes resulted in first downs. San Francisco won its fourth in a row, 35-11 over New England, as Ray Wincek became a new field goal hero. Rams' rookie Running Back Eric Dickerson,

the league's leading rusher, gained 199 yards and scored all three L.A. touchdowns in the Rams' 28-10 victory over Detroit. The Lions, who lost their fourth straight game without their two star running backs, Billy Sims, who is sidelined for a month with a broken right hand suffered 281 against Atlanta. The Cardinals and Chiefs played as if they had broken hearts. They combined for 13 turnovers, two shy of the NFL single-game record. In the end, the Chiefs got the upper hand, scoring 21 fourth-quarter points to exist to a 38-14 victory. San Diego's Chuck Muncie sprinted 34 yards for a score with 4:32 remaining and Linebacker Billy Ray Smith recovered Galt Quarterback Scott Brainer's fumble on the Charger 12-yard line with 52 seconds left to give San Diego a 41-34 triumph over New York. In Washington, the Redskins outscored the Raiders 37-35 to knock Los Angeles from the unbeaten ranks (page A8).

GOLF—JIM COLEBERT shot a 16-under-par 261 to win the \$100,000 Texas Open in San Antonio with a five-stroke victory over Mark Fife.

KATHY POSTLEWAIT shot a six-under-par 213 to win a \$175,000 LPGA tournament in San Jose by one stroke over Charlotte McConitz.

HORSE RACING—MAJESTY'S PRINCE, 3:57.20, ridden by Edouard Manx, won the \$294,000 Mar of War Stakes at Belmont by half a length over Elm's Joy. Majesty's Prince covered the 1 1/4 miles in 2:23 1/2.

ALL ALONG (\$36,600, with Walter Swanson in the saddle, won the \$312,000 Prix de l'Axe de Thaurup in Paris by a length over San Perinco. The 4-year-old filly ran the 1 1/4 miles in 2:23 1/2.

MOTOR SPORTS—DARRILL WALKTRIP, rated a Chevrolet in victory in a 400-lap, \$107,000 NASCAR event averaging a truck speed of 101 mph on the North Wilkesboro (N.C.) Speedway's 1 1/2-mile paved track to beat Dale Earnhardt, as Ford, by three seconds.

SOCCER—N.A.S.I. The Tulsa Roughnecks won their first league championship with a 2-0 victory over Toronto in Soccer Bowl '87 in Vancouver (page 79).

TENNIS—SCOTT DAVIS defeated Vincent Van Pa-

sen 6-3, 6-7, 7-6 to win a \$100,000 Grand Prix tournament in Milan, Milan.

KIM SHAFTER beat Silvia Hanika 6-4, 6-3 to win the \$150,000 U.S. Women's indoor championship in Hartford, Conn.

WRESTLING—In freestyle competition at the world championships in Kiev, U.S.A. SCHULTZ defeated Taron Macdonald 11-4 to win the U.S.'s only gold medal, in the 165-pound class. The Soviet Union won the team title, winning 10 medals, including seven golds (page A2).

MILITARY—HIEED As manager of the New York Mets, FRANK ROBARDO 47, who guided the Mets to a 52-64 record after he replaced George Sheerberger as interim manager on June 3 and as manager of the Milwaukee Brewers, HARVEY KATLIN 52, who led Milwaukee to the American League pennant in 1982 after taking over the Brewers in midseason. This year Milwaukee finished fifth in its division with an 87-75 record.

RESIGNED—HENRY (CHIC) CICCAREONE, 45, an insurance coach at Johns Hopkins, to enter private business. In rare seasons Ciccicareone led the Blue Jays to a 105-16 record and three NLAA championships. Assistant Coach DON ZIMMERMAN, age 36, was named to replace Ciccicareone.

***** CREDITS *****

23-Tony Tompa; 24-Bob Bower; 25-John; 26-Bob Munnery; 27-John; 28-Patrick; 29-George; 30-George; 31-George; 32-George; 33-George; 34-George; 35-George; 36-George; 37-George; 38-George; 39-George; 40-George; 41-George; 42-George; 43-George; 44-George; 45-George; 46-George; 47-George; 48-George; 49-George; 50-George; 51-George; 52-George; 53-George; 54-George; 55-George; 56-George; 57-George; 58-George; 59-George; 60-George; 61-George; 62-George; 63-George; 64-George; 65-George; 66-George; 67-George; 68-George; 69-George; 70-George; 71-George; 72-George; 73-George; 74-George; 75-George; 76-George; 77-George; 78-George; 79-George; 80-George; 81-George; 82-George; 83-George; 84-George; 85-George; 86-George; 87-George; 88-George; 89-George; 90-George; 91-George; 92-George; 93-George; 94-George; 95-George; 96-George; 97-George; 98-George; 99-George; 100-George.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PHILIP WHITTEN
MARLBOROUGH MAN

Whitten, 40, broke the world record on 50-meter backstroke for men age 40-44 at the U.S. Masters Swimming championships. His time of 29:54 also made him the first person 40 or older to break the 30-second barrier in the event.



REGGIE SMITH
BLUES

Reggie, a senior quarterback at McLean High, accounted for all four of the Scotts' TDs as they beat Broken Arrow 30-0 in their third straight shut-out. In the third, he passed for 592 yards and four TDs and rushed for four more scores.



JESSE RICE
FARMER/PRO

Rice, 75, beat Mary Lou Schrick, a decade or more her junior, one-up on the 374 hole of match play to win the Chambersburg Country Club women's golf championship. This is the 10th time she has won the title, the first was in 1949.



GUS CONTI
L'ESPERANCE CAMP

Conti, 45, sailed a 28-foot rubber raft 2,300 miles from Morro Bay, Calif. to Hilo, Hawaii in 25 days. This was his first long solo voyage, he did spend three years sailing around the world in a ketch with his family from 1975 to '78.



HARRY WELCH JR.
DEMOGRAPHIC

Welch, 36, manager of a radio station, recently doubled the world record for one-armed push-ups (760) by doing 1,310 in 33 minutes. Welch held the mark from 1980 to 1982, with 352, before losing it to Paul Henry Allen Lynch of England.



ALEXIS GURREY
LOANER/NOT VILAGE TEEN

Alexis, 12, became the third member of her family to win a state tennis title when she beat Amanda Matthews for the girls' 12-year-old crown. Her father won the men's title in 1964, and her grandfather won boys' junior champ in '36.

Learn from the experts. The Training Library from Sports Illustrated.

Put your game in the hands of today's top sports teachers. They show you what to do in these big, beautifully illustrated hardcover books. Clearly and completely so you can sharpen your skills on your own. You get dozens of step-by-step pictures and text packed with know-how. 168 to 224 pages. Large format: 7" x 9 1/2"

NEW GOLF The perfect how-to guide for the week-end golfer. A wealth of tips from basic grip, stance and swing right up to out-putting the course.

NEW! TUMBLING 1,000 pictures and point-by-point text coach you through the complete Olympic all-around program—warm-ups to grand finales.

BASKETBALL From set shot to slam dunk, you see how to execute it all. Fitness training, play-making, winning strategies for offense and defense.

BOWLING Nothing is spared in making this the best guide available. Footwork, how to make your approach, making sure work of splits and spares.

CANOEING It's all here—basic strokes and water safety, how to buy a canoe and maintain it, loading for a trip, portaging, handling whitewater.

RACQUETBALL Complete how-to guide that teaches strategy far better than anyone else according to *National Racquetball Magazine*.

WOMEN'S GYMNASTICS (I) Floor exercise—from basic movements to advanced combinations and dance skills—demonstrated in more than 1,000 drawings.

WOMEN'S GYMNASTICS (II) Vaulting, uneven parallel bars, balance beam—top coaches start you off right and polish your skills. Includes routines, safety tips.

TENNIS Sharpen every stroke and hone game skills with this progressive training program. From how to grip to handling pressure.

BACKPACKING Wide-ranging, designed to help you enjoy every outdoor moment. Covers equipment, weather, food safety, trip planning, camps, more.



SCUBA DIVING A practical diving course, from upping snorkel to SCUBA like a pro to emergency measures for dealing with sharks or rip tides.

RUNNING FOR WOMEN At last! A training guide geared to women's physiology. Complete, invaluable for joggers and competitive runners alike.

Start training here!

YES, please send me book(s) in quantities indicated. I understand that if not completely satisfied, I will receive a refund for any book returned within 10 days.

The Training Library \$9.95 each

- ☐ 244 Backpacking
☐ 0068 Bicycling
☐ 0076 Bowling
☐ 4536 Canoeing
☐ 4713 Golf
☐ 3663 Racquetball
☐ 3515 Running for Women
☐ 3043 Scuba Diving
☐ 0538 Tennis
☐ 0029 Tumbling
☐ 6084 Women's Gymnastics I
☐ 6082 Women's Gymnastics II

For _____ books @ \$9.95 each \$ _____
For _____ books @ \$9.95 each \$ _____
Handling & Postage \$ 1.50
☐ Check or ☐ Money Order enclosed TOTAL \$ _____

Name _____ (Please print)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Mail today to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED LIBRARIES,
1206 O'NEILL HIGHWAY, DUNMORE, PENNSYLVANIA 16122

Also available!

SI's Famous Basic Series \$5.95 each

A great way to get started! No-course text and illustrations point the way. Hardcover, 96 pages. 5 1/2" x 8 1/2".

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 0084 Dog Training | <input type="checkbox"/> 8618 Small Boat Sailing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8333 Football Defense | <input type="checkbox"/> 0143 Swimming & Diving |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8341 Football Offense | <input type="checkbox"/> 0183 Track Field Events |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 0106 Football Quarterback | <input type="checkbox"/> 1725 Track Running Events |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 0958 Handball | <input type="checkbox"/> 0090 Training with Weights |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 0123 Ice Hockey | <input type="checkbox"/> 8422 Volleyball |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8966 Judo | <input type="checkbox"/> 0013 Wrestling |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 0130 Skiing | |



Send no money now! We'll bill you later.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

GUARDIAN OF THE INTERIOR

Sir

Congratulations and thank you for the objective insights provided by Special Contributor Bill Gilbert and Writer-Reporter Robert Sullivan in the first part of your special report on Secretary of the Interior James Watt and his administration of our natural resources since 1981 (*Inside Interior: An Abrupt Turn*, Sept. 26). If at the past that department has promoted "blind preservationist" policies, then for the last two years it has adhered to a philosophy of conspicuous conservative consumption as articulated by a foot-in-the-mouth chair.

I submit that Watt is a political and environmental oil spill looking for a place to happen. It seems unfortunate that such an individual should have the responsibility for our greatest natural resources.

JIM STABLE
Darien, Conn.

Sir

The article clearly reveals the insensitivity of the present administration toward the land and all of its inhabitants. James Watt is what I would call the grinning skull that sits on top of a Reagan machine that would like to gobble up all the minerals, oil, timber and other natural resources, thus allowing the privileged few to reap the profits.

I applied the research and writing of Bill Gilbert and Robert Sullivan, and I thank *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for publishing their efforts.

JOHN KAHNORIS FADDEN
Resident Artist
Six Nations Indian Museum
Oshkosh, N.Y.

Sir

Congratulations on a job well done! Without a doubt, James Watt poses the most significant threat to wildlife and natural resources in this country. What remains to be seen is whether we as a nation can survive the threat. Without staunch and unyielding protection of our irreplaceable natural heritage, one shudders at the prospect of what the future may bring.

DOUGLAS W. TURN
New York City

Sir

If James Watt continues on his crash course of destruction, we won't have to worry about his managing the interior because there won't be any interior left to manage! Sign me disgusted.

KATHY SCHMIDT
Delaware, Ohio

Sir

I am in my late 60s and a Republican who

learns very far right. All I've got to say is that Will Rogers would not have liked James Watt.

FRANK W. CARTER SR.
Memphis

Sir

I resent your special report attacking Secretary Watt. I am one of those senior citizens who voted for Ronald Reagan, and I think the massive federal holdings shown on your map should be reduced, not increased.

The author scores points via evasive phrases such as, "Most Americans think that," etc. Where is his scientific data on what most Americans think?

As a right-winger pictured as wearing horns, I object to the left-wingers' being presented as always wearing halos. Just because we silently receive your slings and arrows doesn't mean we can't read or feel. That's

Whatever happened to the word "liberal"? Gilbert's thinking is clear. My opponents can be neatly stereotyped, but my allies are above such labeling.

RANDY FRASER
Houston

Sir

The cover said *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, but inside I found a biased political tract about the evils of the Department of the Interior.

I am a native of Oregon, and I have lived many years in Washington, California and Arizona. How every square mile of our beautiful West and want to protect its beauty.

We have federal land (BLM) inside our Lake Havasu City limits. The Federal Government controls the flow of our river, the level of our lake, the Indian reservation across the river and the use of the mountains and deserts that surround us for more than 100 miles in all directions. How much more control over our part of the U.S. do you Eastern people want?

B.R. EASTBRIE
Lake Havasu City, Ariz.

Sir

With so many opinions of Bill Gilbert and so few quotes from James Watt, I thought perhaps the Sierra Club had paid \$1 for 15 pages of ad space and hired Gilbert to do the dirty deed. Perhaps a more sportsy title would have been *Gilbert Bows He Can Whop Watt*.

If you must delve into this sort of thing, let's hear from Watt himself. So far, this is \$1 at its worst.

DAVIDE SQUIRES
Oakton, Va.

Sir

Your article was so far left it should have been printed on crumpled paper.

JED J. HOLLIMAN, M.D.
Savannah

BIRD WATCHERS

Sir

Thank you for Ron Famine's informative piece about 1983's most outstanding baseball team, the Baltimore Orioles (*It's No Longer Up in the Air*, Sept. 26). They may sound strange coming from a confirmed Milwaukee Brewer fan, but putting aside my loyalties, I must concede that Baltimore has shown all year the type of baseball needed to win a world championship. I say good luck to the Birds, and see ya in '84.

JIM PANOROS
Eagle River, Wis.

Sir

Having been a lifelong fan of the Birds, I especially enjoyed Ron Famine's article. My only criticism is that he failed to mention that,

continued



FEELINGS

Sir

The license plate reading *COOOR*, shown in your article "Fit the Gearing of My Truce" (*Sept. 19*), reflects the true feeling of the people of Wisconsin concerning their unwary hero, Brewer slugger Cecil Cooper.

The plate in the enclosed photograph (above) exemplifies the true feeling of the people on the South Side of Chicago—and of one person in Montana—who are preparing themselves for what we hope will be the White Sox' first World Series appearance in more than 20 years.

RANDY DUBR
Cobisp, Mont.

why we voted for Reagan and will do so again.

EDWARD R. PERMON
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sir

Bill Gilbert makes a conscious effort to show that he is being objective in his analysis. However, his phrasology betrays this effort. Gilbert explains that Joseph Coors is a member of the "far right," while Morris Udall is simply a "15-term Arizona Congressman." The Mountain States Legal Foundation is "ultraconservative" but the Sierra Club is merely a "private organization."

along with two candidates for American League MVP, the O's have strong candidates for Rookie of the Year (Mike Boddicker), Rookie Pitcher of the Year (Boddicker), the Cy Young Award (Scott McGregor) and Manager of the Year (Joe Altobelli). Beyond that, however, I wish to thank Fimre for clearly presenting the fact that it was not Earl Weaver alone who made the Orioles great, it was the whole organization.

MARK KOWALSKI
Bethany, W. Va.

EXCITING QUARTERBACK Sir

Thank you for the excellent cover picture and Douglas S. Looney's fine article on Doug Flutie (*A Little Man on Campus*, Sept. 26). Boston College finally has gotten the recognition it deserves as one of the top football teams in the nation. It's worth noting that in addition to having the most exciting quarterback in the country, BC also has the most exciting basketball player, Point Guard Michael Adams. Funny, BC was the only Division I-A college to recruit either player. I guess that's the advantage of being a Jesuit school. We get scouting reports from higher authorities.

JOHN KULAS
Boston College '86
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Sir,

That Boston College lost to West Virginia 27-17 immediately after Doug Flutie graced your cover is merely a coincidence. No sensible sports fan would give any credibility to the alleged SI cover jinx, although the list of coincidences is suspiciously long. If you're smart, you'll stick to your guns and put anyone on your cover you feel worthy of the honor. Might I suggest that your photographers spend a lot of time with the 76ers and the Lakers once the NBA season tips off? I never said I was sensible.

JOHN BRODEUR
Mills, Mass.

Sir,

To be sure, Doug Flutie is a fine quarterback. But the most exciting player in New England since Albie Booth? Former *Look* sports editor Tim Conine needs to be reminded of the late Harry Agganis. In the early '50s the Golden Greek led Boston University to victories over such powers as Miami, West Virginia and Syracuse. He was a genuine quadruple threat: passer, runner, punter and placekicker, and he called defensive signals from his safety position.

Agganis was the MVP in the 1953 Senior Bowl, a No. 1 draft choice of the Cleveland Browns and also a star in baseball, a sport he

played professionally with the Red Sox until his death—from pneumonia—at age 25. Until Flutie matches that record, there can be no companion.

JOHN STAPLES
Culver, Ind.

Sir,

A few years ago Douglas S. Looney's off-hand remark regarding Harvard football—"While they can spell football in Cambridge, they can't play it very well"—might have been considered charming and witty. But today too many athletes who cannot spell football may be playing major college sports. College football was meant to make room for academics and fun. One can only wish the best to those who combine these ingredients as Doug Flutie and Boston College seem to be doing. As for Harvard, disregarding the Crimson's proud football tradition, I can attest to the presence of academics and fun.

BON MAGUIRE
Harvard '77
New York City

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

\$30 CASH REBATE ON OLYMPUS OM-G!

The camera that raises the standard of creativity now lowers the cost.

The Olympus OM-G raises the standard of creative photography in a unique way. With a complement of creative capabilities you'll find in no other SLR. At any price.

It's the world's smallest SLR with professional OTF™ automation that measures light right off the film.

It's the world's lightest SLR with the rugged precision to accept a 5-frames-per-second motor drive.

It's the world's only SLR with incredibly-bright Luma-Micron Matte focusing screen. So even in dim light, you can compose and create quickly.

And it's compatible with over 300 OM System components.

So hurry to your dealer, make your best deal and buy your OM-G with Olympus lens from July 1 to Oct. 31, 1983. You'll get great pictures AND a \$30 rebate direct from Olympus!

OLYMPUS

When you have more to say than just smile.



Ford Mustang



Decisions, decisions, decisions.

You're looking at three superbly crafted machines. Each with a driving force all its own.

Mustang GT. The Boss. It packs a 5.0 liter High Output V-8 engine, a five-speed gearbox and a performance suspension with front and rear stabilizer bars.

Mustang Convertible. Opening in 20 seconds. V-6 engine that can take you where you want to go. An electric convertible top folds on command to transform car to convertible in seconds. Now roll down the rear windows and let the wind blow. This is Mustang at its uninhibited best.

Mustang SVO. The newest, most sophisticated Mustang. 175 horsepower* turbo-

charged four-cylinder engine with intercooler. Koni® gas-filled shocks. Four-wheel disc brakes. Close-ratio five-speed gearbox. And articulated driving seats. That's all we'll say. The machine speaks for itself.

"Quality is Job 1" means more than an ongoing commitment. It means results.

An independent survey concluded Ford makes the best-built American cars.**

Still deciding? You could always draw straws.

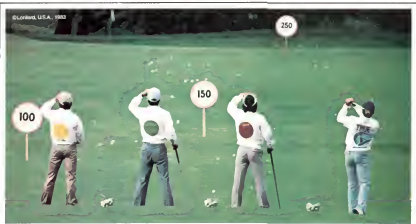
*Based on V-6 standard 134hp.

**The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S.

Get it together — Buckle up.
Have you driven a Ford... lately?



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1993



You found it. True.

King size: 5 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette. FTC Report Mar. 1993

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Exceptional taste
in an ultra low tar.
A taste that goes
way beyond the rest.
Taste it.

